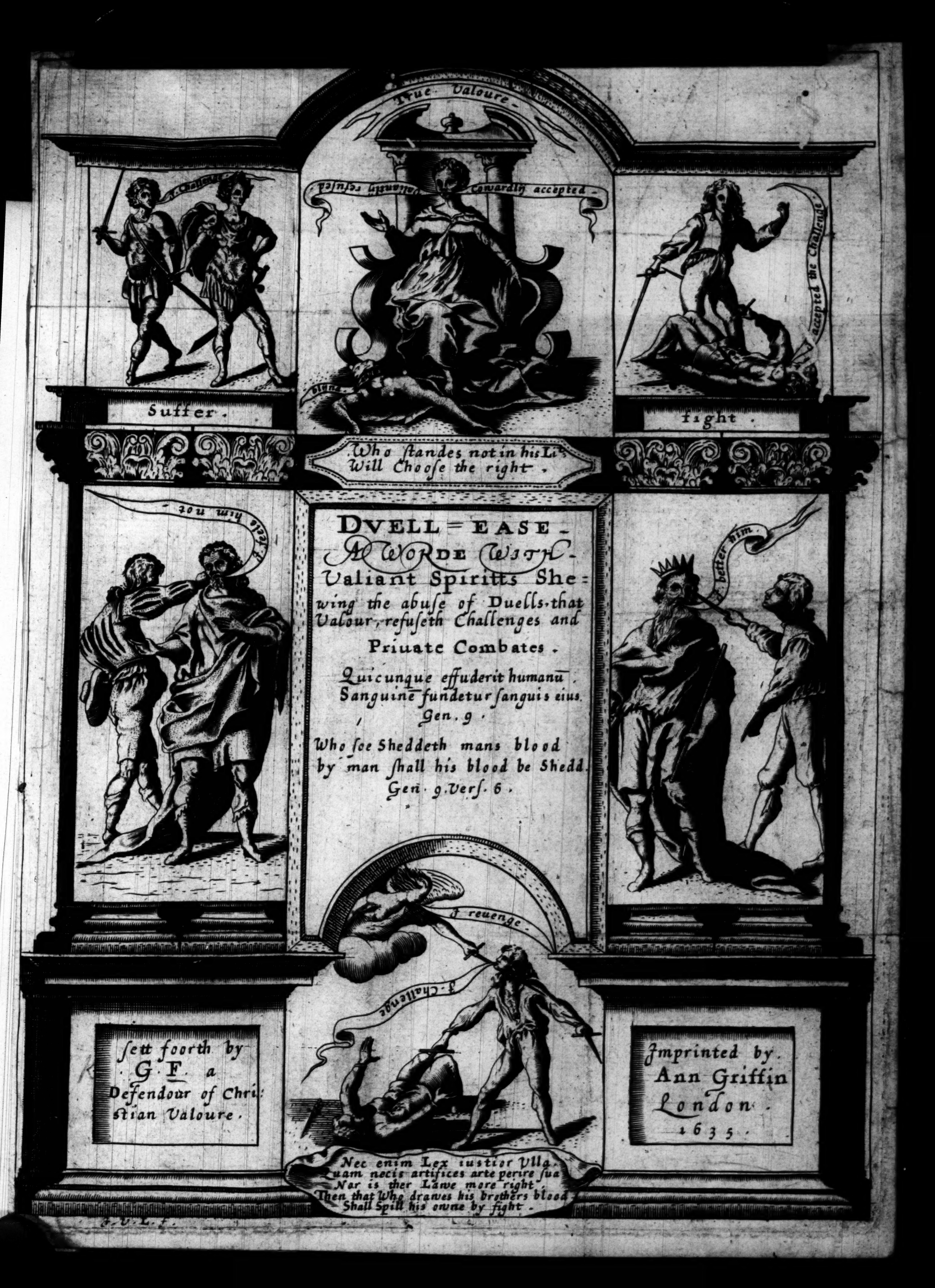

True Valoure
manfully refused
cowardly accepted
challenge
Suffer
fight
accepted the challenge
Who standes not in his Li
Will Choose the right
Provoke him not
better him
DVELL = EASE
A WORDE WITH
Valiant Spiritts She=
wing the abuse of Duells, that
Valour, refuseth Challenges and
Priuate Combates.
Quicunque effuderit humanu
Sanguine fundetur sanguis eius.
Gen. 9.
Who soe Sheddeth mans blood
by man shall his blood be Shedd.
Gen. 9. Vers. 6.
I reuenge
I. Challenge
Nec enim Lex iustior Vlla
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua
Nar is ther Lawe more right
Then that Who drawes his brothers blood
Shall Spill his owne by fight.
Sett foorth by
G. F. a
Defendour of Chri:
stian Valoure.
Imprinted by
Ann Griffin
London.
1635.
F. V. L. f.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT AND POWERFVLL PRINCE CHARLES,

by the Grace of God, King of *England, Scotland, France, Ireland, Cyprus, &c.*

GOD hath ſtored your Maieſty with ſuch excellent wiſdome, as by it he ruleth more then your own kingdomes. You are his Eye for Europe, and at your ſacred girdle, Heaven hangs the Storehouſe-keyes of Chriſtian blood.

VVee may well say it; Since in this age of blood, none hath grieved more to spill it then your Maiesty, none laboured so much to spare it. You have weakned its swelling streames, to the anger of puissant Princes.

Had your Armies troden the bankes of *Danow*; Nations well know, what bloody floods you had encreased; Your Treasure Star hath led you a more milken way, rather to lead Christian orbes quiet, then to hasten them to the wrenching of their owne sinewes, satisfied in your selfe that those who best use the Olive, will soonest weare the Laurell.

Wee have lived to see (but ô, teares should have curtained our eyes) the greatest inundation of blood that ever flowed from Christian vaines, and that by so many tides. Great Kings have kept open the sluces, whom in respects most proper to their boasts of better Religion, it would better become to dry up those ruddy springs

springs, were it with the losse of their designes and fortunes. Say Christian drums must needs beat, and bullets fly sometimes to spend of their owne firy spirits, yet may they not finde out a fitter Enemy in *Asia*, or frame one out of *Africa*? Heaven hath onely enlightened your Maiesty to abhorre deluges of homicides, wallowing in baptized bloud. Your regall beames of piety most advisedly reflected, that all quarrels are not to bee decided by the sword, nor every difference to make its full point at Tyburne. More, even in Kings, desires, although iust, must not alwayes be obtained, all cannot be had, many but at seasons, and of those which may be had, some ought to suffer a barre, but such as shall bee warded with ages of happines. Not upon a crossing of *I will have*, are bowels to be drawne out by the Hangman, or lims suddenly severed by Armies, humane blood is a liquor not to be stirred without much warines; if wrongs draw it, it gusheth not out without

crying

Gen.4. crying to Heaven. *Sanguis clamat de terra.* The greatest wit, *Aristotle* instructing a most valorous Prince saith,

Arist. ad Alex. *Parce effundere sanguinem humanum.* Draw not the bloud of men by rivers, but by drops. What Art offered to *Alexander*, your Maiestie holdeth by Nature; whereby our *Albania*, better claymeth now her name from the candorous splendour of your Royall Scepter then from her native Rocks. This your Maiesties most wary disposition to prevent a waste of men, wingeth my hopes flying to your Maiesties feete with these few leaves, which cover or discover (as your Maiesties bright shining eye shall open, or close them) some few Antidotes to prevent and cure a fiery distemper, a Consumption, or waste of blood fatall to the noble bowels of your kingdome. These times have begotten this idle beliefe in the brave ones, and they will owne it, that who is stained by any abuse is bound in honour to scoure it by a

chal-

challenge, and hee from whom the mistake first slipt, must presently be drawne to *Calis sands*: whence if the one be carried to a grave, the other walketh home with honour.

Your radiant wisdome to the high glory of your Diadem enlightneth and rectifieth this mervailously mistaken way. May a dueller raise honour, because death stumbled upon the better man? No, it is not ever the lot of the Valiant or Innocent, to be death-free in Combats, there are confused uncertainties: death is not alwayes borne by strong armes, nor doth the mightinesse of Manhood alwayes cite it: sometimes a sand under foot, a Moate in the Eye, a very silly misfortune brings it. But alas, this is a disease of cradle-courage: duellers, take them at any action of able men, and wee shall finde honour, and them of very small acquaintance: yet forsooth they become honour-sicke; for they deeme their honour must needes dye, unlesse

they

they drinke the blood of the braveſt.

Niceph. lib. 7. hist. Eccl. cap. 33. Bar. to. 3. Annal. ad an. Dom. 324.

Will Kings ſuffer them ſo pretious a potion? it is phyſicke too chargeable for a Kingdome. Great *Conſtantine* was but once allowed humane blood to cure his direfull diſeaſe, he thought it too deare for a *Cæſar*; and muſt meane duellers dayly to cure a diſtemper meerely in fancy, bee permitted bloud, not of Infants, but of men? yea the ſtouteſt; for commonly to the meaner man an abuſe is given, and to the better a Challenge; for by the better ſpirit, as readieſt to ſpend its mettall, the affront is offered, and by the baſer creature, a Challenge is thruſt on, as not able to creepe into Honour, but by the caſualty of a combat, where a deſperate Coward is often Victor againſt a *Hector*.

Proclam 11. Iacob.

By this meanes is a way oft-times found to draw bloud out of the breaſts of your Maieſties beſt ſervants, and dayly there are loſt brave ſubjects; which moved your Father of happy memory,

our

our dread Soveraigne Lord King *James*, to thunder out by his Proclamations & Edicts, severe punishments against all hatchers of Challenges, and putters out of such counterfeit manhood.

Wee hope your Maiesty will renew and endow them with a double vigour: penalties may bee put up upon such as provoke duels, and a way layed open to an easie redresse of wrongs by whomsoever offered: So shall you become an English *Augustus*, and we will say with *Seneca*, *excubat Principis cura pro salute singulorum: omnium domos tua diligentia defendit, omnium delitias tua industria*; your Princely care assureth all men safety, freeing your faire dominions from the canker of Duellisme, and fond Mothers shall owe unto you their darlings. Why may not Lawes cure losses of honour, as well as of life and fortunes? Let him keep his councell whom wrongs privately pinch, and they are cured; if abuses further vent into an open noyse, the Marshals court may

Senecâ de brevit vita.

arraigne them, when the matter is scarce perceptible: it is much, so small a weapon should hurt one, and such a person is too delicate, tender, and unfit to live among men that must bristle: but if there be left a scarre, a blemish to be seene, your Maiesty may gratiously provide for a faire satisfaction, and when wrongs be such as dare not produce, but must hide their cause, there is no right owing them, as no light to darkenesse.

Here I lay downe my pen, and deities, being to bee adored at a distance. From my chamber in the Temple, I kisse your Maiesties Royall feet, and with all happinesse to your Crowne and Person, for which I am ready cheerefully to pawne the life of

Your faithfull and most humble subiect.

G. F.

Preface.

To the Gentle Reader.

FRom the presse I come to Paules, *to be gazed on by many: some will read and guesse at my good meaning, that it was not so much to keepe steele out of sight, as to keepe manhood in possession: and that my leaves of Paper are not for cowards to shelter themselves under. I doe not aime to oppose true valour, by branding it with ignominy: I guild not the drosse of mankinde with glorious excuses: the brave-worded faint-hearts with warranties of their effeminate weakenesse. I rather doe honour unto manlike courage, and wish it long life.*

I truely apprehend valour a pretious Iewell; therefore not to bee handled disrespectfully: a principall ornament in a well ordered common weale, therefore not to be abused by every horse-groome, not to be trampled in every taverne, nor to wayt upon every fond lover: with freedome may I speake it; valour is not to be hazarded upon meane enterprises, but to bee laid up for dearer times: by it Kings doe hold their scepters, without it E-

quity will fall out of credit, and the world shall not dare to shew a good liking to honesty: men must keepe courage to looke vice in the face; to make it to beare its owne name. And in this respect there is great oversight in the havocke of valorous spirits, which dayly the power of vulgar opinion maketh perish in Duells.

Yet I doe not generally denounce an exile to all Duels, from al countreyes, from all occasions; sometimes they have their lawfulnes; the unadvised are insufferable, and such I desire to suppresse: the too too much levity in falling into wrath, turneth the merit of courage into a meere shaddow, which ever followeth, but such as wander out of the light of reason, misled by strong passion: for certainly when the causes of quarrells are no bigger than little sands, they lye onely on the eye of such, as are over-flowne with an Ocean of Anger.

To the Dueller.

YOu will say I deale with brave Duellers, too too discourteously: favour me, it is your Vice I kicke at; I both honour and extoll your valour. Bee not offended, if I say Duels be bad, that they are acts unlawfull, unluckie, that the combater breedeth most mischiefe to himselfe when he is victor, when he kils his Adversary: I doe but tell you what the nature of Duellisme is. You will needs notwithstanding make a challenge, you will goe to the field, when you rage: but understand, you goe out of your way, I shew it you, you are in the darke, in a passion; what harme doe I unto you, if I light you with a

candle?

candle? Stout Pericles, *the mirrour of* Athens *and forty yeares ruler of that common wealth, heard one a whole day wrangling and reviling him; provoking him from the word to the sword; and when the currish fellow had done barking,* Pericles *lighted him home with a lanthorne. You are inraged, you will answer the Duell; I will but light you with a lanthorne, that you may see what a foule thing you goe about; how injurious to your selfe, to your King, to your country: how you make your selfe a meere childe in suffering your selfe to be led by the sleeve to the field like a babie: you make your selfe a Bedlam by running into furie and frenzie: Did you desire Honour, to be thought valiant; I doe here shew you wherein true Honour, and true Valour doth consist: if yet ye will leave the true for the shadow, and being hungry, will choose painted meates before the wholesome; blame not me for warning you, before you fill your selfe with winde, which will shame you.*

Bas. hom. 24 de legendis libris Gentilium.

You will tell me I presume, when I talke of valour: it is out of my element, valour is in the highest region of the fire, and I in low water, cold, snowy, the point of the penne, ever hath had small acquaintance with the poynt of the weapon: none but Eagles can look on bright valours rayes: I am but an Owle that flyeth by night, and use not the world by day light, where when mens courages rise up, there must bee rushing to whet them, else manhood will grow rustie. I commend in you the care of valour, keepe it, but loose not your wits, keepe al together and know from me; some may want skill to use their weapons and not want knowledge to use courage, and to teach you.

Gladiatores perfectissimos (*saith* Tertullian) non tantum magistri, sed etiam Idiotæ quique adhortantur de longinquo, et sæpe de ipso populo dictata, suggesta profuerint, *you most expert swordmen*, Gladiatores perfectissimos, *call me Ideot in armes*; Idiotæ, *but yet, confesse a meane skill, can tell you in your eare something that will doe you good, when your swords are clashing*: de ipso populo suggesta profuerint.

Tertull. ad Mart. c. 2.

To the Schooleman.

I Have affected brevity, because I speake vnto passion, that never stayeth long to heare any thing. I come not often to the schoole for the definition of things, thats too fine a thread for bleere-eyed quarellers to looke on: it sufficeth me to have a quiet word with plaine reason, not caring much for formality in perswasion, which it selfe indeed is not much in use (as men use to say now a dayes) in a Nation that so little suffereth to bee perswaded to any thing, though fondly led to most things, by creatures of no choice, not by any good quality, but by a kinde of fancie: Preachings and perswasions, say many, may be found for any caprich: as if reasoning were a kinde of lugling, fast and loose, or that becommed not rationall creatures, to be led by reason, no more then to bee led by the nose: Men clayme not that name, untill they can leade themselves; the Cannot *becomes onely women and children. I run often upon Examples, because they delight longer, and move stronger: of what we see other worthies have done, perchance wee may take to doe something, whiles wee will*

be

be perſwaded to nothing; in matter of knowledge, our own muſt ever be the beſt, becauſe (as we pretend) we ſee circumſtances, we ſee preſidents: and there are faſhions of paßions, as well, as of apparell, which the power of opinion will have followed.

To the Common wealths-man.

IT is you that ſit in gowns; that muſt overrule weapons: cedant arma togæ. *I dare not require my penne to reach unto* Vertue, *that were to bee ieered at: I aske but* Order, *and aske no more, but what a civill common-wealth muſt grant me: I pray aßiſtance. If you bid me reflect, that boyling youth, & their fiery vayns, are not yet fit, for the ſtill muſick of the heavens, I know it; yet in many kingdomes the God of this world gathereth up brave youth in cluſters; whiles indeede in ſome countries heaven findes but a poore picking: let hot ſpurs in theſe inferiour orbes, where ſo much ſtriving and ſtruggling is for meanes & manners, feele what is for the beſt advantage of the univerſe: ſo grace them, and make you them wear the diamond of valour, now and then, with a foyle, I ſay not of Piety, but of Chriſtianity: your wiſdomes bee pleaſed to effect it. If men muſt now and then, hew one anothers limmes; yet let them not goe on, like wilde beaſts; of theſe, their fights and Fates end together, and have no after reckonings: but men muſt come again before a iuſt God; therefore helpe them to keepe good quarter: and you that are the Treaſurers of the Common wealth, increaſe your treaſure, give them a good* behaviour, *which may keepe them, ſo they will keepe it: binde them to* Peace, *and I will end, and hold mine.*

Cic. in epiſt.

TO

To the courteous Reader.

GEntle Reader, it was the authors intent to have presented thee with a compleat receit for the cure of this bloudy fluxe, wherewith the gallants of our age are too mucn distempered, but some intervenient occasions unhappily diverting the current of his endevours to another course, hee hath not beene able to comply with his earnest desires, yet having already prepared some few sheets for the presse, hee judged it not inconvenient to communicate them with thee, as an essay and pledge of what he intendeth to perfect hereafter: hoping they may prove as sometimely preparatives, to asswage and mitigate the sharpe and corrosive humours, wherewith many hearts are unnaturally tormented. And if he shall find the successe in this kinde to be in any reasonable degree correspondent to his desires and expectation. I make no question, but he will esteeme their ease not onely a sufficient recompense for his forepassed endeavours, but also a forcible encouragement for their further cure, to accomplish that which yet remayneth

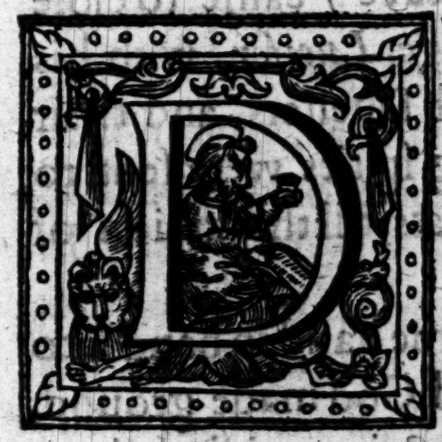
mayneth unperfect. The fruits whereof thou mayest expect this next terme: till when and ever, I wish thou mayest enioy thy selfe in perfect peace and patience: which is no lesse my desire, than the Authors intent.

Section

Section I.

Reason Pleadeth against the custome of Duelling.

1 *The first founders of duells were base Creatures.*
2 *By duell-Law, wise men must follow fooles.*
3 *Strength, can be no triall of truth.*
4 *To enter a Duell, is to turne theefe.*
5 *The Dueller, alwayes mistakes his enemy.*



Vellers are fraught, with most violent passion: therefore, they must needs bee voydest of reason. Reason is a light, Passion is darkenesse: what is more contrary to light then darkenesse? Hence, I finde Duellisme, though it creepe into use, can bee but a blinde custome. Some men will affect a custome, for their respect due to the beginner of it: in that, may appeare reason: but see, who were the first devisers of Duells.

Poynt

Point. I.

Plea. I. *The first founders of Duells were base Creatures.*

DVells and Devils begun together. *Lucifer* conceited himselfe the better creature, and would not give wall to man made of a mould-hill: hee worded the matter, with the master, stept to his face, *Ascendam*, and told him to his teeth, he was as good as God: *Similis ero altissimo*: upon this quarrell, *Lucifer* and *Michael* met, with their seconds: the valiant Archangell (with leave) came to close fight: and the lawlesse challenger *Lucifer*, with his seconds fell. Here lye the first Duellers, and their fortune. After these quarrelling spirits were sent to hell: I heare no more of combats, till the fashion of Cowards came in.

Esay. 14.

Apoc. 12.

Cowards and chalengers, came hand in hand into the world together. Scarce had God made ground, for men to worke upon: when *Cain*, an idle fellow, that had many obligations at home, yet spent his time all abrode in hunting: whilest *Abell*, his younger brother did play the good husband: and therefore the Lord loved him, *Cain* hates him, and makes it a quarrell. *Cain* will prove himselfe the better man by a combat: when good men be all gone, *Cain* hopeth to come into election. Like a wretched Coward he inveagles Abell to the field, *eamus in Agrum*,

Gen. 4.

grum, without weapon: and suddenly sets upon him, and kils him. Here I shew you the next dueller.

So Duellisme brings its badge of infamy, even from the beginning; Inquire the worthies, whom maintainers of Duels doe imitate, you will finde but Devills and Cowards. Therefore let noble spirits, yeeld thus farre unto reason, that Duellisme in the cradle, deserves no love, for the fathers sake: and let us goe nearer it, to looke if reason will affoord any better regard for its owne merits.

Duell law is; that differences must be tryed by the weapon: as wrongs will all the yeare bee budding, so men must ever be bleeding. Duellisme, is a game, where you shuffle swords, and the maddest gamester hath ever the leading: so that, one maine thing in this hot sporte, is, that wisemen must follow fooles. If a fellow gaze at noone and sweare it is night, nay will sweare it by the sunne that shines, and say you lye if you deny it, and challenge you, and goe to the field, why, there goes a foole: and you must follow him: else by staying at home, you loose your honour, and where? nay I cannot tell, nor you neither, where you had it.

Point. 2.

Plea. 2. *By Duell-law wisemen must follow fooles.*

Relatum mihi à side dignis.

WIll you see, two wise challenge-makers, stuffed with honour, as a goose with groates? which is but for wise men to feed on: Both were big-lookt souldiers: our happy age did bring them: the lofty low-countryes did breed them: amongst the most warlike troupes of Europe. The one set to dice, and proved unlucky; his mony being out, his mettle got up, & from dicing, he would needs to duelling, but wanted matter: he spies on his owne head a blacke hat, hee casts that downe bravely, and sweares it is white. This champion fights not now, for the beauty of his mistris, but for his old hat: if any dare gaine say him; he doth challenge, and will kill: thus he crakes up and downe, like a gander. The rest of the flocke, were fluttering in their game, and so the challenge stayeth unanswered. Till anon, another of the hopefull company, was cast away on the same shoare, the waves or the knaves had swallowed up his mony: and away sayleth he to give a crosse challenge, for now hee that was fooled out of his mony, he was in the right cue of a Dueller: he will challenge; and fight, and kill, and lookes blacke: and all, to maintaine the hat was blacke.

Iust, our Duellers now adayes: much to the like,

or

or lesser purpose, our quarrells: for a false smile of a beauty; a simple conceit, of some hollow friend: a light mistake of a foe, things all of no value, a challenge must passe, must have its answer: else honour goe exiled for ever. That such men are not wise, I say not: but surely, to be a follower of such men, is a very poore service, for honour.

If a Bedlame in knowne attire, armes naked, and cap-feathered, challenge you, to hurle your selfe downe a rocke, and breake your necke: though hee leade to the bottome upon the same termes, shall you be termed a Coward, if you follow him not? In Westminster, if those grave Senates, were challenged by plaintiffes; must all the Iudges, rise from the Bench, runne to cutlers and buy swords, thence to S. *Iames* his fields: and make of their bookes bucklers? what confusion of mankinde? would not this heavily be censured in Starre chamber, that such able men, follow such weake ones? And is it not, as punishable; when men by their blood, of great worth: by their nature, of excellent wit: by their experience, of singular wisdome: doe cast all these good merits, into the flame of a Duell, only because some inconsiderate man doth challeng them Valour, should ever thinke it base, to lye open, unto every ones anger: to wait at a mad-caps heeles, to bee at hand whensoever he calls to the field: there ought to be a greater distance, betweene courage and folly, betweene greatnesse and weakenesse.

Lewis the 12. of *France*, when in a lower fortune, he *Lyp. Monit. Polit. lib. 2. c. 12.*

he was but Duke of *Orleance*, ſuffered a great abuſe from ſome peeres, and was throughly ſenſible thereof, he minded to right himſelfe by his weapon, and reach his enemy to the heart: the meane time advanced him from a Dukedome (of *Orleance*,) to a kingdome, of *France*, and now ſitting ſoe high, hee hath quite loſt the ſight of quarrell: hee fancieth not any feeling of it: his nobles, friendly remember him, to revenge himſelfe: no ſaith *Lewis*, *Parum decorum eſt regi Galliarum iniurias illatas Aurelianorum ducibus ulciſci*; it becomes not a king to take up ſo low a quarrell: that were, to wreath the Scepter with diſgrace, to hang the crowne upon infamy. The affront did call, but upon a Duke, *Iniurias Aurelianorum ducibus illatas*, why ſhall a king follow it? when the creature which offends, is but meane, and is too baſe, for a Lion-courage to prey upon?

Thus you (if you hold your ſelfe worthy) ſhould diſcourſe with your ſelfe; when you are called to combat, ſay you will not ſtir, not becauſe you are too weake, but becauſe you are too great: what lyeth too far below us, is as far out of our reach, as what is placed too far aboue us; caſt a ſtone at the ſtars, they will not ſend you a challenge by night, they cannot fight with ſuch Lownes as you: They know their glo y is too high for you to blemiſh, or hope to offend: therfore, they can have no cauſe to be angry with you. So you know your ſelfe, to be a bright ſtar of valour, a ſparke of the planet *Mars*, and ſcorne to come neere little ones. If a childe revile you; will you cite him,

wilde

wilde to the field? why, quarrelling duellers, are but children; they know no more where they set their feet when they goe to the field, no more to governe themselves, nor their weapons, then if they were babies; and it were good, the nurse should swadle againe their armes up, they use them so crookedly; they will never keepe their fingers out of their mouths, all the strength of their armes hangs still at their tongues end. O Gentlemen of worth and of honour! when you are by some fiery hot-spur chalenged to the field, say with King *Lewis*, *Parum decorum est ulcisci*, looke upon the greatnesse of your owne valour, and doe not abuse it, by using it so meanely. It is cowardly: a man, all cloathed in steele, to draw upon a man naked? I hold it worse, a man fortified with valour, to set upon a weakeling quareller? it is ever a weakenesse of stomacke to turne soure at every morsell: and quarelling spirits are certainely of the softest kinde of mettall; every little touch doth so bruse them, that they will leake bloud presently. The worthier you are, the lesse warrant you will still find, to follow a quareller to the field: which ponderation moved *Augustus Cæsar* that most valiant and victorious Prince, Prudently to refuse *Marke Anthony* his rash and indiscreet defiance, commanding the challenge-bearer for to tell *Anthony*, that when hee was weary of his life, he could find other more noble meanes to be deprived of it, then in hazarding it with *Anthony* in single combat: so (that is much to bee lamented) this base combating humour, hath so farre

Holy court.

crept

crept into honour, and that it lurkes most in good blood: whilest the infection, cannot spread amongst meaner Persons; it seemes these are grown to a stronger constitution of manhood.

Eccles. 10.7. This was it: the wiseman reaching to our times, so much wondered at: *Vidi* saith hee, *servos in equis, Principes ambulantes in terra*, A strange sight! I see a meane man, hot in passion, provoked mightily by his foe, growne so furious, that you would iudge rage runneth away with him beyond all reason; and yet hee handles the raines of his passion so well, hee keeps his saddle sure that hee falls not, *vidi servos in equis*: he holds still that command over himselfe, that none can draw him a Duelling: he feeles, it must be his owne undoing: in pursute of his right: hee appeales still, from his owne arme, unto a court of iustice. And yet, those that weare honour out at the elbowes: and the world cals, its best men: at the very first guird of anger, loose their stirrops, and reele, *vidi Principes in terra*: they follow they know not whither, any passionate man, that will lead them: and willfully, will carry their wrongs, to triall by steele, contemning all legall causes, as though, all gentlemens rights, must admit of no other *probatur*, but the rapier.

Point.

Point. 3.

Plea. 3. *Strength, can bee no triall of truth.*

THis giddy Duelling: is no fruit of honour, it is the worme of honour; a fit of falling sicknesse, of manhood: when reason, is out of doores, and soules are cast, quite past their senses. But will you come to your selfe; and heare reason! Your enemy, offended you; why, so he did the law too; then let law punish him, for you both, rather leave the weapon, to the stronger hand: let law answer the challenge; so will you bee sure to revenge, your king will be your second.

If you grow out of love, with kings lawes: and to come by your right, you will call no iury, but fury: whosoever makes of you (as you say) an asse, you will make of him an oxe, and knocke him in the head. Let us then, pull *Littletons* quoyfe over his eyes, and turne the blinde foole out of Westminster: we will make that hall, a goodly shambles: of Inns of Courts, we will devise fencing schooles: and will have, no more assises: all care must be, to finde out a lusty butcher, that can knocke downe readily. Whosoever, hath best skill in armes, shall have best right, to others lands: (wee will have a new conquest) if you deny, the strongest mans right; hee shall give you the lye, and boare a hole in your bo-

ſome, and that way come into poſſeſſion. The trueſt tongue, ſhall ever grow neereſt the luſtieſt ſhoulders: and from the ſtouteſt mouth, you muſt alwayes gather vertues. Nay, wee will paſſe into trades: the valianteſt taylor, ſhall doe your worke, ſo you may goe out of faſhion: the luſtieſt maſon, ſhall bee your layer, ſo your houſe may fall on your head. And ſuch be the conſequences of unruly courage.

These like tenets, are too mad, to paſſe for currant, amongſt men. One will fight, will kill, to prove himſelfe the valianter man; that is no good conſequence. It may be your enemy his foote failed him, not his heart, he ſtumbled; ſo you killed him. His weapon forlooke him, not hee, the action; ſo you overtooke him. The wrenching of a ſinew, hindered the right rule of his ſword, whereby you got within him: ſo, you reached him his deadly wound. And thus, the valianter man, oftimes dyeth.

Goe on: and let us heare, your further diſcourſe: your enemie gave you the lie, therefore you will fight, you will kill him; to prove that your ſelfe ſpeakes, more truth then he: That is a worſe conſequence: ſtrength of body, and true dealing, fall often aſunder; if every word, the ſtrong man ſpeakes, muſt paſſe for currant truth: that Ancient, was a very foole, which firſt invented a *Polyphemus*, a mighty ſtrong fellow, and yet with one eye onely: compacted, with ſtrong limbs, and weake ſight: a face, with a ſingle Eye, and it out of the way, in his fore-

head,

head, in this pendent-haire fashion now a dayes, hee would be alwayes bud-winked. Surely *Vlysses* had done great mischiefe to the world, in putting out that one eye, had hee not presently knocked out his braines: for, we should have had, a fellow as blinde as a betle, most strong, most powerfull, and so turne teacher of every body: for, all truth, must be delivered from his mouth, his lips only keepes the treasure of wisedome: from him, wee must take new doctrines, new councels, new customes, and every body must beleeve him, after his eyes be out, else every body must be knocked in the head; because, hee is strong enough to do it.

If strength must thus maintaine truth: then let us resolve first, who is the strongest man in a countrey; let that man prare at pleasure; faire maidens must owe unto him, their good names: and gentlemen their good bloud. If you once finde the strongest man of a kingdome: hee may freely geere, and discourse. Let him say; there is no honour, in peace: no valour, in warre: Captaines, be but kettles, of base extraction: some, forced, for feare of the porhookes, to hang over the fire of warre; as not able, at home, to keepe open kitchings. Others, often, boyle ever; they inrich themselves, so fast. Most, the rather maintaine fire of dissention about them, to have meat within them. Let him say: that men, are but frogs in hose and dublet: quackers, that women are but bundles of doubts, moved up and downe by the winde fiskers. Let him say: there is, no inclo-

 sure

sure upon earth: no kings, in the stocke: no great cards, but coted knaues; some bigger, some lesser, some thinner in cloathes, some mufled in larger garments; and knaves all, that shuffle the queanes, amongst them. And all this, must be so: nay, though, as he denyeth a king on earth, so hee deny unto the heaven, a godhead.

And all this must bee true, because hee is the most strong man, that saith so; and will challenge you, if you deny it: and proves all by the sword, as by a most bright argument. Is not all this, against reason? when strength carrieth away truth, what shall poore women have? they must speake never a true word; and so their amorous swordmen, shall have worke enough, to make, for every lye, a quarrell.

O Inconsiderate Duellers, will no reason force you, to put up your weapons? but still, they play, to gaine you honour; then, take this point; they can win you, no honour, but what must be stayned, with Infamy. I know, honour and wealth, are things in great price. But hearke; a tall fellow, that never sowed, will now gather wealth upon the highwayes: and you, like it not: such moneyes, come in basely; who will have them so must be a theefe: why, no otherwise you, the honour which you get by murthering, is as base; when you duellize, you latronize: when you project combats, you doe noc otherwise then as in an honest neighbourhood, to turne theefe: and who protects you, is no better, then a receiver of theeves.

Point. 4.

Plea. 4. *To enter a Duell is to turne Theefe.*

IN a Duell, what doe you strive for? life: why, that is not yours: when you rob a man of his life, you steale it; then if you goe a combating, you goe a stealing. You kill your enemy, you expose your selfe, to be killed; why, you dispose of things, none of your owne; that is but a tricke of a theefe. Your life, God hath given it, to your king; and unto you, but the loane of it: the king keepes it, for his owne turne; you may take the vse of it, in your owne affaires, only during the kings pleasure: when the king cals for it, to the warre, or his other service, you must carry it: is it not then, against all reason, that you should spoyle your life when you will? May one murther himselfe in the field? no heathen dare say it: why, neither can you carry your selfe to field, to be murthered by any other; you are accessary to both crimes, equally; a stranger, should have, rather lesse power over your life, then you have your selfe; so, you foulely mistake, in concurring with any, to kill you. You will call any priuate man, theefe, that drives but a beast off your ground, and sels it: that takes, against your will, but a crust out of your house, and casts it to the dog: and will not you call him a worser

theefe

theefe, that snatcheth a soule, out of a living body, and casts it perchance to the divell.

Your life is not your owne; God keepes it for his owne use; there are two Ioint lords of your life; God, and Cæsar; God will have you to liue longer, to pay him services: God, is Lord of the Honour: and he will have you live a longer terme. Gods bayly Reason, warneth you, that it is not fit, you should remove out of Gods fealty, disrespectfully: you cannot leave Gods service suddenly, at your pleasure, or displeasure; take heed, it will beare an action, in the Court of heaven.

This reason, was so strong, that in a great uprore, it held the courage, of the valiant *Weneslaus* king of *Bohemia*, in very good order. His brother *Bodeslaus*, set upon him furiously, striking with every blow to kill: king *Weneslaus* manfully defending himselfe, unweaponed his brother, whom spreading now upon the ground, when the waves of anger in *Weneslaus*, would have swallowed up *Bodeslaus*, when iust furie did cry, kill and revenge: At that instant, reason strikes in, and *Weneslaus* reflects, what hee is going about: to take away, a life, unto which indeed he hath right, because he is *Cæsar*; but yet God hath also a right unto it; and therefore, *Weneslaus* resolveth to meddle no further with it: but sheatheth his steele, and saith those golden wordes: *mallem ut frater deo sanguinis reddat rationem, quam si ego in fratrem manus iniecero, et fratris necis crusam apud Deum dicere compellerer.* I will not adventure to

Lip. monit. Polit.

steale

steale out of the world a life, for the which, in a higher court, one day, I must come to triall: let my brother, keepe his life, and answer in Court himselfe, for it.

Why will not subiects, submit unto reason, that forced so mighty a prince: when they bee called to combats, may they not without blushing, speake after so warlike a king, and refuse, least *necis causam apud deum dicere compellerer.* I will not runne away with mens lives, and have a punishing God at my heeles. But our Duellers will gather liues, as leaves: and mow mens heads, with asmuch pleasure, as husbandmen doe their meadowes. Neither God nor king, shall keepe them from killing men, they will drinke bloud to coole their choler: and rather then want it, they will goe so farre out of all reason, that they will take the lives of those that neuer offended them; they will bereaue innocency, of its possession: it seemes they will fight, for no other cause, but to shew they can kill.

Point. 5.

Plea. 5. *The Dueller mistakes alwayes his enemy.*

HOw often, hath it happened: that in a sudden distaste, you mistook your iniurer; you struck, & didnot touch, the man that wronged you. Let reason, here in a corner, talke with you a little, of

things

things out of ſight. Wee all know, wee have unknowne Foes; and a boſome enemie ſtill bites neereſt the heart: a wound, leaſt in eye, is moſt in danger. To open the truth to you; the Devill is your greateſt enemie, hee brought the man, which you terme your abuſer, to the Ale-houſe; to ſquabble with you, there: doe not then challenge the Drunkard, but charge the Devill: elſe, you miſtake your enemie; you uſe to ſay, you will fight with the Devill; why ſtrike him now, when Man doth ſtrike you. More, it is drinke, that hath beene the brocher of all the quarrell, and hath ſtirred the man, againſt you: elſe, all had beene quiet: then turne the drinke, up and downe the floore, and tumble not the Drunkard: but pitie, to ſee, how the Devill plies him with fire and water, with furie and ſmall Ale.

If you doe otherwiſe; you are ſo farre out of reaſon, that you turne an irrationall creature: you turne Cur: *Simile quiddam canibus admittis*, ſaith *Baſil*, ſpeaking of the quarrelling man, *qui ſaxa mordere ſolent, non jactantes*: Caſt a ſtone at a dog, and how quick he will meet it in the field! what a combat, what a gnawing, what a pawing; O had the dog but a ſword by his ſide, what a brave Dueller hee would make! And all the while of this doggiſhneſſe, there is no looking, where is the man that did hurt the dog, no notice taken of the hand that moved the ſtone to ſet at the dog, and did all the miſchiefe.

Baſ. hom. de irâ.

So you Duellers: You uſe a juſt dog-trick, when you carrie your ſelves ſo curriſhly towards him tha

thump

thumpes you with heavie words: it is true, hee it is, whose breath doth touch you: it is him, you feele: and from whom commeth your smart: yet he is, but the stone, and very like it, blinde and heavy: reflect then, there is another hand, which doth throw him at you, which wheeles him, and violently casts him upon you. Therefore in all reason, *in hunc hominum interfectorem, iram transfer*: the Divell is the iniurer, and faine would be your murtherer, *hominum interfectorem*: therefore, turne all your hatred upon the Divell: it is crafty Sathan, that sets on a fellow blinde with passion, to anger you; take pitty, to see, how the divell playes upon him, making him a blocke to lie in your way to stumble at, *fratris in te peccantis miserere*, commiserate, when you feele him under you, remembring it was the divell, that laid him there.

Doth your enemie abuse you in a publique meeting, doth hee invite you to a bosome full of your bloud? *aliquis te infestat* saith *Chrysostome*, is he very peevish with you? yet looke not after him, *in ipsum ne respice*, it is not worth your labour; you will never come that way within reach of him that did you the wrong *in dæmonem instigantem iram funde*, ingage your rage, your courage, in setting upon the Divell. You may arme your selfe with weapons of proofe; wherewith you may anger him: be but patient and meeke, you will fret him mightily: be humble, you give him a great buffet; use any goodnesse, and you will stabbe his very heart; keepe but one graine of grace, and hee dare never tarry with you. Why will

you not then, lay downe your sword, wherwith you mistake your enemie, and take up some better weapons, wherewith you might beat the divell your murtherer.

Thus you see, how Duellisme, is every way against reason: the dueller mistakes his masters, they bee divels, cowards, or fooles: he mistakes his way; to the triall of truth: hee mistakes himselfe, to make himselfe a theefe: and lastly, he mistakes his enemy: and having mistaken himselfe so many waies, hee runneth yet into further mistakings; hee doth mistake his God, for hee goeth about to set up a new Deitie, and to heave the true God out of heaven.

Sect.

Section II.

It is prime valour, to put off Challenges, and to suffer.

Either,

1. *To shun the greater harme.*

Or,

2. *To be master of your owne courage.*
3. *To reserve your valour for weightier imployments.*
4. *To overcome your selfe.*

THere is no speaking to some Sparks. Men are many times of so stubborne Spirits, that God himselfe, let him say any thing contrarie to their mindes, rather than endure it, they will doe themselves a mischiefe. A Hot Spurre, before hee will beare a small distaste one houre, will breake his owne necke for ever.

God forbade a lustie Captaine, to taste a Honey-comb which hung in a tree: he snuft at it, and grew distempered: he apprehended it unworthy so tall a Fellow, to be checkt like a Childe, not eat but with licence; and hee lifted up his Truncheon, (against God) touched the Honey, bearing it to his lips, so pitifully mildewing a plentifull Harvest of victories, and blasting the future springs of all his flourishing fortunes. 1 Reg. 14. 27.

fortunes. Who could imagine a Souldier, would so much to his losse, strive with God for a licke of Honey?

Gen.2.17. From a great Queene, God tooke but one Apple: and yet left it her growing, to beautifie her Garden: But charged her, not to eat it; God reserved it, for his owne dish: he advised her, not to minde it: shee termed that a scorne of her soveraignty, to chide her fancie; quarrelled with God about it, and heaped a world of sorrowes and wants, unto her selfe and all her children. Who would beleeve, a Queene of the earth, to contend with the King of Heaven for an apple? But read the Chronicles of Palestine, and see what befell them both, for striving with their betters; and learne thereby to goe slowly into distastes against your greater.

Gen.3.16.

Point 1.

Suffer. 1. *It is true valour, to suffer, when you must lose, by striving.*

IT is prime valour, oft times, to suffer: for no other reason, but because one that is above you, (by Scepter, or Crozier, by might, or craft) will have you suffer; and you cannot hinder it, but by doing your selfe more hurt, than all your suffering can mount unto: in such a case, I say, true valour doth bid you, not seeke revenge, but force your selfe to suffer: you shew stoutnesse, to dare look an abuse

in

in the face, and not to squeale out at the first touch of it. You call it courage, to submit to the Surgeons knife, when a disease hath made him your Master: so if your weaknesse makes a meane man way to master you, you shew good metall, when you let him cut you: for you fence still a greater mischiefe off, with a lesser: and prove, it resteth in no enemies power, to lay on you what load he please: you will take up your owne burthen; that is manlike. To live free from all sufferings, were to live beyond the rate of mortall men: a meane Cottenger makes oft times a mightie man suffer. The difference betweene valiant and cowardly spirits I finde is, that valour will be still his owne carver; whilest cowards doe gape, like Cewetts, when you bob them under the chin. The stout man can for his advantage, hold his own snarlish nose to the Grindstone, when it growes too sharp, and dull the edge of honour: hee will suffer a lash of disgrace, or discontent, to get free from a more burthensome evill: and to winde himselfe into a better occasion, to get his right, to punish his abuser, and not abuse himselfe too.

Certainely, men ought not to be so pettish with God and man: meanes should be used, to bring suffering a little more into credit and practice: suffer a great man, sometimes, be it but for his greatnesse. If great God, will take from you your honey, your delight, your apple, your profit; strive not therefore; you and God grow not to be enemies. A greater, a craftier, a peevisher man than your selfe, will have

some of your ancient rights from you: why, if hee will needs snatch them, be not presently a struggling; beat him not out of breath, with drie blowes of bags of money: if you waste your treasure in Law, so you joyne with your enemie to undoe you: never fetch a golden fee over the barre at Westminster, because a great man leaps over your hedge a hunting: fence not a little harme off with a mightie one: that is not to be *Prudentes sicut Serpentes*; upon everie distaste be not a striving. A great heart may stand a time under a great burthen of wrongs, and the stoutest shoulders rise not upon the legs that are the quickest kickers.

Matth. 10. 16.

Abraham was a man of good ranke in the world, and had great wealth, a faire house, certaine and goodly demeanes in Vr and Haran: his Land-Lord God, upon a small warning turnes him out a doores, sets house and lands over his head to another. *Abraham* is silent, he never questioneth God in the high Chancerie of his mercies. *Abraham* knew his time to suffer, And he suffereth more yet; Hee hath but one sonne, upon whom hee had bravely builded the hopes of a mirth of posteritie, all the comfort of those ages: God will needs make a Calfe of this Sonne, and knock him on the head, as a Victime unto the Almightie. *Abraham* carrieth his sonne to the slaughter.

Gen. 12. 1.

Gen 22. 2.

Caius Cæsar had a subject stout, wealthy, and honourable: he was of the order of Knights, the onely Nobilitie of those ages, when Dukes new deny, Kings claim'd no place at the side of the Scepter.

This

This noble Knight was father to a hopefull Heire, & was Owner of a Spanish mettall, which ever breedeth the best steele: his name was *Pastor*, and learned *Lipsius* observeth some of that name at this day in Spaine. This *Pastors* eldest sonne was undeservedly called to execution by the angrie Emperour *Caius*: the father hath both love to feele, and valour to revenge, yet striveth not against the potent Prince, but suffereth his sonne to dye: and beares it out so cheerfully, that betweene his words and thoughts you could not spie a sorrow: *Nec dolorem aliquo signo erumpere passus est.* *Pastor* is mightily sensible, and yet you perceive him not discontented. If you aske him how his sonnes wrongfull death goeth downe with him so gently? why is his stoutnesse so pliable to suffer? *Seneca* answereth you for him wittily, *Pastor* had another sonne to lose, *Habuit alterum.* *Pastor* did suffer, to save himselfe from greater sufferings: the Knight had more yet to lose, therefore his best course was to be quiet: had he contended with his Prince, had he urged that mightie arme, it would but inlarge his harme: so *Pastor* might have lost all his children, and himselfe too. *Lib. 2. de Ira, cap. 33.*

Have you a few acres in a whole Mannor, or one Mannor amongst many, which a neighbour great or covetous gapes after, and sighes for sorely? ease him and your selfe too, and let him take it; sometimes merrily, because upon that ground, you will raise no unkindnesses: remember with *Pastor*, *Habes alterum*, you have more lands to lose; and if you

cannot

cannot suffer one to rob you of this, in some by-way he will wait for you, he will set law upon you, to rob you of all the rest. When such a crosse mischiefe must come into request, deny it not; there is no cure, but to diet your choler, and walke out of the way of your conceit of honour: if you will goe to law, to answer a great mans gall, all your lands may sinke in it: take therefore *Pastors* counsell in time, suffer one losse, lest you suffer many. Your childe, your wealth, your comfort, let it goe when mightie God will have it so: remember *Habes alterum*; if you be impatient, if your heart rise, God will pick the rest away from you. Your enemie hath gauled you, and *Dulce est dolorem reddere*, It is honey to you to cut his throat: lose that honey, that sweetnesse of revenge, though you can reach it: say with *Pastor*, *Habes alterum*; you have a life to lose, a quietnesse of life to lose, which is all the comfort of life; and if you stir to your enemie his losse, for your selfe, you must make another: therefore set your heart at rest to suffer.

Seneca de Ira, lib.2. cap.32.

You shall see *Abraham* suffer yet more: hee had a wife, the Flower of all Asia, that ever hath brought forth the primest Beauties: her face might have enamoured the Heavens. If the ancient amorous Angells any more were to come to court the *filias hominum*, the Damosells of *Damascene*, this beautifull creature would surely draw those merrie Spirits from their Heavens: her prettie countenance was a cluster of all the perfections of Nature: from her fame

Gen.12 14, 15,16.

Apelles

Apelles afterwards stole all his neatest features: when she faded, her crimson she left to the Rose, her candor unto the snow, which in her kept heat enough to inflame millions. This woman being *Abrahams* wife, God bad him trust her to court, thrust her to the Kings bosome, and shee her selfe adventured the bed of a *Pharo*: yet *Abraham* made no quarrel against his God, nor against his consort, resteth quiet: shee will be faithfull to the homely heardsman, amiddest the embraces of a king. Certainely, honest *Abraham* both had the Desart to meet, and the happinesse to injoy a most honest wife: hee beleeved God would keepe her.

More: *Abraham* was a sufferer, not onely of God, who he was sure, could master him: but you shall see in him, towards mean men, a great deale of mildnesse. *Abraham* had a great stocke; his Cosen *Lots* shepheards, fenced up pastures (for themselves) and drove off *Abrahams* cattel: grasse began to be short, & the hungry beasts bellowed aloud for meat: *Abrahams* heart did ring with sorrow; yet he held it quiet; he went not about to trie the title with *Lot*, by Law, nor armes, nor yet offered any blowes to the shepheards. But after a while goeth to *Lots* house, with hat in hand, *obsecro*, I pray faire dealing, without foule words: upon the goodly bankes, by these fertile brookes, in the shadie dales, there groweth grasse in plentie; and wee have room enough for us both, therefore let us have no iusling betweene us; *Obsecro non sit jurgium inter nos*; to what purpose should we Gen. 13. v. 8.

two, goe to bore holes in one anothers skins, for our mony to drop thorow into the Surgeons fingers? wee are Cosens, let not mis-beleevers censure the kindred of the faithfull for most unkind: its true, a kinsman ought not to suffer too much from a kinsman, sometimes such may quarrel; but let us see first what cause we have to fight, and then we will trie, how we can fight it. I pray thee *Lot*, let us not kill our selves out of an humour, for a handfull of grasse: wee are but strangers in the countrie, and we are but two to strengthen one another, let us not breake our backes to fill our beasts bellies.

All this pleading the matter was but a staiednesse of *Abrahams* valour, no slownesse of his metall: *Abraham* reflected upon inconveniences of greater consequence, and so withstood his owne combating courage: for though you heare *Abraham* here a great sufferer, you shall see him anon a great souldier; and know you hereby, that when you suffer, you be not presently of the sise of a coward; rather when you suffer to advantage your selfe, you shew a piece of very good manhood. About this same time, of *Abrahams* crouching to his neighbour *Lot*, Kings in person led martiall troopes abroad the countrey: and you shall see *Abraham* dare looke Kings in the face and beat them; five kings rove abroad and pillage, and one *Abraham* will be able to make a rescue: a few servants, a handfull of shepherds, led by an *Abraham*; do kill kings, rout troopes, returne spoiles, and fill the aire with applauses of victory: see whether

Gen. 14. v. 14. 15. 16.

ther *Abraham* be a man of metall or no, and whether his suffering was his want of feeling, and of valour; no it was his judgement, to lead alwaies his courage unto his best advantage. O Duellist, you of the number of the faithfull: *si filii Abraham estis, opera Abraham facite*; whom willingly you follow in faith, bee not ashamed to follow in good manners: I like well, you be as *Abraham* was, with your weapon, a mighty doer; but I would have you also be, as *Abraham* was, at fit times, a meeke sufferer.

Point. 2.

Suffer. 2. *True valour is to be master of your owne courage, and not upon any ones call, to combat.*

I Observe, some men take wonderfull pleasure in squabbling; therby they vaunt spirit, (which they cal) the touch-stone of generositie, they care not after what cause they go, so they carry it stoutly: this kind of courage, hangs sometimes upon a good heart, yet it is not the fruit, it is but some little dead leafe that falls from the goodly plant of valour; or reckon it, as a moat amongst the rayes of valour. The shining Sunne, will not be long without moats, it will finde them thorow one hole or other: it is as true, a man of bright and sharpe metal cannot be long without

Gen. 26. 15.

 mates,

meates, hee will fetch them strangely out of corners. Yet that is not, because the light doth like imperfections, or valour love mis-usage; but because, as moats doe follow the glorious Sunne, so some madnesse doth ever follow manhood: *nullum ingenium magnum sine mixtura dementiæ*, scarce shall you meet a great courage, but it hath a little of unruly carriage; those that can bridle it, are the most excellent men.

Sen. l. de Tranquil. fine.

Therefore, if you love credit, keepe your valour at a stand: suffer it not to stirre, untill it sue first for leave; to the Queene of morall vertues, Prudence: so you shall truely be master of mettle, and not, your mettle master of you, that is not to be a man, but to be a slave of manhood, haled up and downe by mettlesome passions basely. These be harsh masters, when they tyrannize over you. The greatest skil of a swordman, is not to goe, but to stay to chuse an opportunitie, to wrench it from his enemies in spite of them; else you are angry, but as the mouldy worpe, which with blinde furie biteth all it meets withall: if an offence cal on you and your anger rise, bid it lie down againe, and sleepe untill you awake it. Will you have your heart to be the centre of valour? then hold you quiet, when all the world flieth to pieces about you: for of all the earth, onely the centre can never be moved.

The French Academy of Pierre de Primandie.

Caius Marius was undoubtedly of the best souldiers the Romane Militarie bred: hee was powerful in victories, hee hewed to peeces one hundred thousand

ſand brave Low-countreymen in one battle: he was dreadfull to his foes, he put the rugged Cambriats to quicke flight, the noiſe of his name defeated many enemies. Yet when *Paulus Sylla* ſtept to his teeth and dared him to fight, *Marius* ſtands ſtill like a lambe: it was not becauſe *Marius* had loſt his mettle, but becauſe he held the reines of it, and would not ſuffer it runne after ſo ſilly a fellow as *Sylla* was: but plainely refuſeth the challenge, and ſaith, If *Sylla* holds himſelfe ſo tall a fellow, that hee can beat *Marius*, let him try to force *Marius* to fight in ſpite of his heart: for *Sylla* muſt know *Marius* maintaineth, hee will not fight, but when it pleaſe himſelfe. It is a greater ſtrength to hold backe the roaring Bull, than to run as faſt as he: nay it is much more might, to hold his ſtriving ſtrength quiet, than to fight with him. You Duellers, when you are called to the field, if you will be maſter of the field, ſtay your valour: looke upon *Marius*, who will draw upon no mans command, no mans challenging, no mans bidding: all challengers are but pratlers; to talke of fightings, and fierceneſſe unto *Marius*, are but tales of *Robin-hood*.

Men of beſt valour themſelves know beſt, what time to fight: and the quarreller, with his humorous words, is no clocke for them to count by: they will not be tyed to keepe any mans houre: valour will be his owne chuſer, for time, place, and quarrell, and will hold nothing under its enemy; it will owe no ſervice, and wil fight, but for what it ſelfe will. Certainly, it is a moſt poore cuſtome, crept now adaies into

credit, that men must fight when they bee bidden, (when they be challenged) that is to make of men children. What difference betweene the cradle and gray haires? but that the one is carried (and so is the duell-answerer) the other walkes where hee please: the little one feeleth not where it goes, the great man knoweth hee hath great charge (of honour) about him, and therefore will take his owne time of the day.

The French Academy of Pierre de Primandy.

Fabius Maximus the *Non plus ultra*, upon the Pillars of the Romane Fortitude, had the command of a select troope, at the time *Hannibal* entred Italy; a Fabian souldier, thought it unworthy his so great a Commander lying in the way, the Carthaginian standard should approach the walls of Rome; and therfore with angry speeches, attempted to rouse the most mightie Generall *Maximus* to fight: but hee stirred not; all those windes blustering from foolish lips, shaked no corn in *Fabius* his ears: *Fabius* saith, he wil shew valor, in that he wil not be drawn from his deliberation (which is to stay a convenienter time) not for all their tarring reproches: *Fabius* his valour runnes not out of sight for a childs chasing; his heart is no henne, that will be driven off the nest (of his hopes) with a hushing: that man is very weake-headed, that suffereth his heart, to runne away with him: that is but a convulsion of courage. *Fabius* reflected, his credit was great, his foot must not stirre, but the whole earth must shiver: his head must not move, but the very heavens must tremble: when hee rouseth,

ſeth, the whole univerſe muſt quake in a dreadfulneſſe: therefore *Fabius* bids his courage be quiet, untill ſuch time as an opportunitie falls out, hee may doe ſomething becomming a *Maximus*. Say you ſo too, when you are challenged by a boyſterous quarreller, that you hold him no fit matter for your courage to worke upon; and ſo ſhew that you can take time to deliberate, what a man of your rights to honour is fitting ſhould doe.

Old Souldiers, (that ever be the valianteſt men) will ſticke long before you can get their heads into a quarrell: they know what obligations follow men that goe to the field, what ties of honour doe gird their great hearts. When a valiant man is bent upon revenge, hee will take it: hee muſt not play the weather-cocke, if the thunder-bolt ſtrike, it muſt turne the hardeſt metall into duſt: and ſtout mens anger muſt not be the puſh of a feather, blowne off with a faire word, with a little entreatie. The valiant man reflects what a great opinion of valour, the world holds on him: a verie ſweet & pleaſing thing to carrie, but chargeable in its retinue; when wrongs do cal it abroad; it muſt have a great traine of bloud after it, to amaze an Injurer. The ſtout man conſidereth the great report there is of the excellencie of metall within him: and therefore now that it is to come forth, if it doe not carrie away the eyes of all men, he ſhall be a ſcorne for ever: his honour hath beene yet amongſt his neighbours, but as the bloſſome on a tree, or corne in the huske; now time is come that

all

all men will expect a harveſt, the ſickle muſt goe, and everie body will be gaping at what is reaped; wide gaping wounds muſt be the barnes, where hee muſt inne his honour. With theſe and like reflections, courage doth hang its courſe almoſt ſtill in the deepeſt reſentments; and certainly, whil'ſt quarrellers, like little brookes, keepe a loud prattling, manhood glides ſo quiet, that you would thinke it is not moved.

Fabius Maximus commanded his courage to forbeare *Hannibal*, expecting for his valour ſome better ſervice, to preſent it to his Countrey; it was not feare of death, that frighted him. So you ſhall ſee; let Rome, in whoſe hands hee willingly leaves the raines of his valour, ſet him aworke with three hundred men onely, hee will ſet upon all the warlike troopes of *Hannibal*. The neceſſitie of the Commonwealth, bids the Romane Eagles flie, a *Fabius* ſhall flie before them: and all the beames of *Hannibals* gliſtring Armie, ſhall not dazle the eyes of *Fabius*: But he ſhall pull the rayes from *Hannibals* head, and ſtrike therehence his frontlet: and ſo like a Phœnix of Honour, dye amid the beames of the African glorie: having the frontlet about him.

Certainly, men may ſtay from fighting, and yet have a great minde to fight; when a good occaſion is wanting, it is wiſdome, to locke up your valour, fortunate be they that can doe it. When you are too weake, to goe into the bluſtring aire, you keepe your chamber; that is not to keep your houſe, but to keep your health: ſo to ſtay out of the way, is not alwayes

ſervile

servile feare, sometimes it is strength of courage, that expects hard for a victorie. The Souldier that undermineth the wall, you will not say, he hideth himselfe blindly in a wonty-locke; hee walketh but a while in a hole, to raise up his valour with a brighter glorie. So when men stay from fighting, if a challenge be given, and no answer had, let it not be termed cowardlinesse; it may be manhood is labouring with its full strength, to reach the furthest pitch of valour, it is not to run away, but to fetch a fee to leape beyond the Worthies. Actions of consequence, as honour is, required good deliberation: we see verie often times, men wish themselves againe at the the beginning of a quarrell, whereunto they have fallen too too suddenly: therefore the best Souldiers are slow fighters, and it will be a long time before hot words can heat them: the fuell that makes the strongest fire, you take it tardie a kindling, whiles light straw will soone present your eye with flashes.

Point. 3.

Suffer. 3. *True valour reserveth it selfe, for weightier imployments, than to dance in a Duell.*

HAve you true courage? the marke will not be, that you rore booted and spurred for a Duell: when valour is in you, you will hang out for your signe, *Silence*. A man that layes up gold

in heapes, lieth; ſpends not on Ladies ſmiles, ſugar ſuppers: nor turnes his money to ſmoake in a Kitchin: and who owneth the treaſure of valour, ſhuts it up better than to vapour it out, to draw it forth upon everie Mad-caps frowne to a killing: When affronts call men of courage abroad, their valour invites them to ſtay at home: it is gentile, and muſt not goe into ill company. Great valours have alwayes great fortunes to follow, and no leiſure to attend quarrellers: therefore when private wrongs doe flie, the valiant mans eye doth not regard them.

The Romane Orator leading a ſtreame of eloquence to overflow the merits of *Cæſar*, preſenteth us with his pietie in war, his courage in peace, his ſtaid heart in victories, and his riſing hopes in miſ-fortunes: One fault *Cicero* confeſſeth in him, that hee had no memorie. And was *Cæſar* ſo forgetfull indeed? I am ſure he forgot himſelfe leſſe than all the Romane Captaines that went before him; for quickly he tooke up the Diadem from under a company of Gulls or Conſulls, that ſo long bred it amongſt them, and never ſpied it. But yet (ſaith *Cicero*) *Cæſar* was forgetfull, of what? *Extollens dicebat Cicero*, ſaith the learned African, mee thinkes I ſee *Cicero* breake out into a ſmile, and ſay, *Nihil obliviſci ſolebat niſi injurias*: Valiant *Cæſar* could not frame himſelfe to picke ſtrawes, or picke quarrells, (which is all one) he could never beſtow ſo ill his courage; and therefore you would thinke ever he did forget his injurer: his private abuſes, hee laid ſo far out of minde, that

Apud Aug. Epiſt. 5. ad Marcell.

time

time would say, he could never remember them. It seemes hee kept all the roomes of his thoughts for conquests: for everie corner of his heart, he had a severall Kingdome: therefore hee would make no place for shuffling quarrells: no, it was a furtherance to his victories, that *Cæsar* had a speciall gift, in having no gift at all of memorie, for his wrongs: and so *Cicero* goeth on neatly, observing *Cæsar*, who was of so excellent a memorie, so rare in that Art, that hee was not knowne ever to have forgotten any thing: *Nihil oblivisci solebat*: yet, to everie man hee did seeme mainely forgetfull of his injuries, hee did so wonderfully sleepe in them: and it was, he would not stirre in them, hee had so much other worke for his courage.

Had not the singular valour of *Cæsar* done so, saith *Augustine*, yet *Cicero* did most well to say so: because great *Cæsar*, should have done so: and not onely all the great masters of the earth, but also everie man of manhood: valour should follow glorie, not humour: so neat a thing as valour is, should be set upon better worke, than to cobble up Duells: *Dicebat adulator*, did *Cicero* but complement with *Cæsar*, yet truly *Talem esse debere ostendebat Principem civitatis qualem illum (Cæsarem) prædicabat*: *Cicero* wisely expressed what was fitting for great courages to doe; men that will be great, must keepe their stomackes to hard meat; it must not be said of them, they can swallow nothing but milke sops: You must learne to disgest great quarrells, you must have the stomack

August. ibid.

of an Ostrich, sometimes to swallow iron: though one draw on you, and wound you, yet a more glorious imployment, must hold your courage, from laying your heart upon the revenge of it: valiant men must not admit, that everie little crum of discontent can choake them: no, valour must swallow better than so: else the world, that so swarmeth with displeasing successes, had never made, of valorous men, its victors. Hence it came, that when *Marke Antonie* quarrelled with *Cæsar*, yet *Cæsar* would not awake, hee was so sleepie, that his legs could not carrie him to the field, as I said before.

This great *Augustus* was a Prince, got well by his weapon, therfore he had no reason to refuse to use it; and the edge of his courage was well steeled with skill, therefore there was no great cause for him to feare *Marke Antonie* his arme, that was but a pillow for Ladies to lye on. This *Cæsar* is the verie same (though others say it was *Iulius Cæsar*) that comforted the timorsome Boat-man, with a *Cæsarem vehis*: assuring him, rough mis-fortunes durst not appeare in the presence of *Cæsar*: why then should *Cæsar* feare an effeminate *Antonie*? surely it could not be feare, it was love, that *Cæsar* bore to his valour. He resolved to reserve the thing he loved so deare, for more glorious actions: he would not spend of it, with that Spend-thrift of honour, *Marke Antonie*: hee played the better husband, and kept good metall for good use.

Florus.

So, when the perfumed Courtier *Antony* challengeth

geth *Cæsar* to fight in single combat, *Cæsar* saith to him in sadnesse hee will not: doth *Cæsar* therefore not love fighting? not so, *Cæsar* rather loved it so well, that he will not bestow it upon the Ægyptian: *Cæsar* prizeth fighting higher, than to cast away, as much as one crash, on a coward: *Cæsars* fights, are to winne kingdomes, not to winne conceits: a *Cæsar* will not spend his blowes to beat off cocks-combs, but to strike downe crownes: weightie must be the occasion, that can make stout men stirre: children may run after shittle cockes.

So you men of worth, you should set more by your lims, then to lay them at the stake to any that will play against them: shall every coward cut the cards upon you? call you at all times of the night of darke passion, and shall he so trample your life, that is the fruitfull bed of honour, wherein so many glorious actions grow, in peace and in warre? will you hazard all, if a challenger will draw cuts for it: if hee will cut off your necke, will you carry it to the field as quickely, as for your Prince to the scaffold? see what soveraigntie you give unto base quarrellers. This is to make Apes leaders of Lyons: with lives men of great credit, should not part so easily: our jewels sometimes we loose, yet we find them againe; but our lives once gone, we never meet them more, till the great wake of *Iosaphat*: therefore, you valiant men, seeing you gaine so much by life, you should have more care to keepe life on foot: all sparkling honour, all glittering valour, life is the cabonet that

keepes it: hacke life to peeces, what remaines, can nevergain you honour: it is but a lumpe of ſenſleſſe fleſh, ſo cowardly, that abuſe it then, caſt it on the ground, it dares not ſtirre: affront a body then, ſee if it dare challenge, it dare do nothing but grinne, and looke pale: wherefore if you love valour ſo well for honours ſake; love life a little better, and keepe it, to get you more honour, caſt not life away ſo ſleightly.

But doe you in honour burſt with a Phanaticke deſire, the world ſhould know, that in your heart doth grow the orient pearle of valour; and I pray you, what is it? forſooth, that you can carry thorow your hot heart, a piece of cold yron and ſmile at it: that death never brings unto you her dreadfulneſſe: why if you be ſo hot, walke alone to the warre, and ſhew ſo much there: doe ſervice to your moſt weldeſerving king therewith, who will regard your advancement by pay; ſo, your valour, unto honor, you ſhal adde profit, and by this, you may riſe further into honour. Creepe not up and downe a countrey, killing rotten ſheepe, poore ſilly fellowes, that when you bore them, you looſe more ale than bloud out of their bodies. If you will ſtrike like a mightie one, ſtrike at the mountaines of manhood, ſet at armies: if you have fire, burne high Cedars, let low ſhrubs alone for little ones to blaze on: the high region of a thundering aire ſends its boults againſt the higheſt towres, it ſets againſt what ſtands mightieſt; but you muſt take in hand what lieth neareſt:

aſſoone

assoone as a neighbour angreth you, then you must needs fight: good Lord, how soone your valour riseth at home: if your courage be so carely up, why doe you not send it abroad to the field breath it up a rampier, where it shal finde worke enough? But your worke must bee by the fire side, you must fight at home, that is your goodly valour. I must tell you, such men be alwaies of the chillest courage: and I beleeve though they now glow in London, they will quickly have a cold fit at the newes of a Canon: I wish them to take Physicke, and from Saint *George* his field, to lead their courage under Saint *George* his banner: it will turne their stomacke, and cure their choller.

That famous *Bachet*, lustre of the East, and Generall of the Turkish Armies, understanding one of his Captaines had challenged his fellow souldier; and both were gone to field, to coole their choler with cold steele: *Bachet* broke out into a most feeling compassion. O, quoth he! what is our meaning? shall we kill no more enemies, have wee done with the Iewish Redeemers children (that deserve not the names of men) shal no more of them scrawle on the tops of our launces? In a world of hatefull adversaries, can wee finde leisure thus to turne our weapons upon the hearts of our fellowes? have wee no more greatnesse to offer unto *Mahomets* glorie, that thus wee hang up our weapons in the bosomes of the supporters of his temple? O, English Dueller, this Turke remembers you of a noble lesson: if *Holycourt.*

your

your choller boyles ſo faſt about your heart, that it makes your fingers ends tingle: lay them not therefore upon your neighbours, your kings ſubiects; but go further from home, to prey upon humane bloud: your king hath enemies in the world, fal you on them abroad, and the kings lawes will in requital fal upon your foes at home. When your King hath no enemies, yet you may finde your ſelfe warre-like worke: bring in new found lands, to inlarge your kings kingdomes: the greatneſſe of his royall merits deſerve roome to ſpread over far more large territories: the Ocean ſhould burſt with ſhame to preſſe meares unto his Empire: rather it ſhould open its boſome, and give ground to lay unto his Dominions: and go to overflow with its waves the countries of leſſe deſerving Princes: not bite away one crowne from the Brittaine ſhores; great *Charles* his glorie hath need of every land, to reckon his ſingular merits.

Walke you Dueller with your valour, abroad the world, it hath a large ſcope, and many skirts; finde you one to lye upon, & lay on in a iuſt conqueſt luſtily: ſhew greatneſſe of valour in that you can make your good king greater; and waſte not his ſubiects at home, ſo you make him leſſer: to ſhew your fiery mettle conſume not your kings power. If you have skill to kill, open your ſhop where that trade will bee in good liking: if all your labor is to make the world know you care not for death; walke there where you ſhall ſee it wait at your heeles; and cryes round about you every minute, bring you tidings, it wil be anone

with-

within you. *Bachet* was a great souldier, of stout courage, and though bloudy enough (hee was a Turke) yet hee misliked mightily challenges and privat combats: hee deemed them but a havocke of manhood. If wee will needs play at kill-game, let us not play like boyes, that must alwaies play neere their owne doores; let us goe where there is want of killers: at home there wants good livers.

Point 4.

Suffer. 4. *The valorous man his greatest victorie is to overcome himselfe.*

BVt will you live at home, and fight too, and ccme by a mightie opinion of valour: I will descry unto you neere your owne doores, *a terra incognita* (your selfe *nosce teipsum*) a whole country to winne, *A microcosmos*, a little world, ful of great Commanders and fierce enemies, to conquer. I will carry you before two great high towers, of two mightie powers: the one, you will finde so understanding to master you, that it is all knowledge, the other so wilfull to crosse you, that it is nothing but will: so strange, that all the power of heaven and earth never makes it doe, but its owne will. I will lead you amongst the ambushes of sensuall pleasures; and shew you the strong hold of delight: the industrious sleights of profit: the wearilesse toyle of gaine: the wonderfull confidence

of eafe. Muſter up here your couragiouſeſt reſolutions, you ſhal march amongſt a number of moſt cunning foes: doe you know where the moſt potent lord *Selfe* raigneth? one ſo ambitious, that the whole face of the earth hath bin ever yet too narrow for him to lay his eye upon; he rowles it into the bottom of the ſeas, unto the centre of the earth, and crieth out ſtill for more roome. One ſo mightily troubleſome that he pillageth all the fields of Nature with whole armies of unſatiable Paſſions, that ſwell againſt the very heavens; that ſtrike at the very face of him that holds his head higher than the ſtarres. One ſo venemous in his very heart, that after he is utterly defeated and laied on the ground, ſevered in pieces like a Snake, yet the one part of him will ſtir, and keep ſuch a ſtirre, that it will raile and revile againſt its Victor, for a whole eternitie.

Do you deſire not to go farre, and yet to go a combating? why, take this combat in hand; ſet at this ſtrong enemie, and trie your valor on him: he dwels neare enough unto you, you may bee quickely with him, he is your owne ſelfe. I ſay, if you deſire to take a maſter-peece of worke in hand, maſter your ſelfe; and one thing know for your comfort, if you can compaſſe it, the noyſe of your worthineſſe ſhall ſurpaſſe all the nine of the fame. For who overcometh himſelfe, may challenge the freedome to take the firſt place amongſt the valiant. Call you in valiant *Cæſar* to a firſt chaire: him, ſo univerſall a conquerour, that the Princes of the earth preſented him

with

with Scepters, as meane tenants do their Land-lords with Chickins: you think this old souldier becomes the chaire well: you shall see a young *Cato*, a conqueror of himselfe, come in and bid him rise, & will take place of him.

Cato the yonger, at the time the Roman glorie was cloudedin the sad siege of Vtica, was moved by his fellow Romans, lying al close blocked up, to submit unto conquering *Cæsar*, else all must die. Valiant *Cato* at the mention of death, reades the inventorie of all his goods or goodnesses of all his life; hee hath a long rowle of many good morall vertues: under the head of his conquests, he runnes over a number of great price: but under the head of his selfe Conquests he findes a great store: it seemes it was usuall with him to overcome himselfe. Hee often had curbed his anger, rising against some great men of the Citie, which might have driven him into rebellion. Hee had mastered his ambition, which perchance would haveled him upon the same action, as *Cæsar* now is, to command the gates of Rome: but *Cato* bridled his unruly passions, better. *Cato* therefore answereth, hee will not submit unto *Cæsar*. I (sayth *Cato*) have trulier conquered than *Cæsar*; therefore *Cæsar* should rather submit unto me. *Cæsar* hee is now taken and overcome: therefore none can make submission unto him as conquerour. *Cæsar*, his own vitious ambition to master all, hath cast him over us all. His great feare (having offended some of the Senate) hath bound him fast to the Scepter to fence

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himſelfe withall: for, could *Cæſar* have ſubmitted his fierce diſpoſition to the grave Lawes of the Senators, which doubtleſſe would have had a worthy feeling of him; their owne profit by his conqueſts, would have ſweetned their trouble in the ruggednesse of his nature: for wiſe men know a great ſpirit cannot ſerve them, but it muſt ſometime offend them; and actions from humane fleſh, we muſt bee contented to take them as fiſh, a good one, and a ſhrow: could *Cæſar* but have beene a little tractable to the light of higher powers, his heart had never vapoured ſo much heavy griefe as would preſume to cloud the lawes of Rome, and for ever to eclipſe the government of ſo many hundred yeares ſhining: uſurping over the Senat ſoveraigne power himſelfe, who by right of cradle, deſerved not to be their meaneſt fellow. Therefore *Cato* ſtil ſaith, he will account himſelfe the invincible, becauſe in maſtering of himſelfe, he is mightier than *Cæſar*. *Cato* ſcorned to yeeld unto the Victor of Rome: breathing the glory of being Victor over himſelfe.

We are now come to the hold and keep, who muſt be the better man, he that can quarrell, or he that can ſuffer; who maſtereth many others, or who ſubdueth himſelfe. Wee dare goe over ſhooes in bloud to angle for honour, but wee know not whether to goe from home with *Cæſar* amongſt ſtrangers, or home againe with *Cato* unto our ſelves. An offence is given, and you reſolve therefore you muſt overcome your enemy, why doe you not reſolve, you muſt

overcome

overcome your selfe? you say you must fight, why say you not, you must be quiet: How doe you prove, that it becomes a valiant man better to fight, than to suffer? Or how is it a lesser victorie to conquer ones selfe, than another? You plead you must discover valour, I say so to, but let us finde the best way: it will ever fall out, that we shal still come home againe to your selfe, and within your selfe, we shall finde the best matter of victories. It is a golden verse of a good Poet, repeated by most Writers; it seemes the witty saying doth take many.

Fortior est qui se, quàm qui fortissima vincit
Mœnia: nec virtus, altior ire potest,
Arduares, vicisse alios, victoria major,
Est animi motus, composuisse sui.

Manilius.

O'recome your sell, thats more than towres of brasse
To win, your vertue can no higher passe.
Hard thing it is, strong Armies to confound;
But more to hold your raging passions bound.

Sentence is given: it is more to beat ones *Selfe*, than a many thousands: therefore if you run a duelling, onely out of a desire to get honour: lay challenges with others aside, and make it your quarrell to master your selfe: chuse it, as the most difficult Duell, to overcome your selfe.

The nearer an enemie layeth siege to a Citie, the more valour it is, to beat him backe; and what can be more neare you, then what is within you. *Magis sunt*

Lib. 1. inst. cap. 9 *periculosa quæ domestica*, as *Lactantius*, very wittily observeth. A civill warre is the sorest blow to a kingdome: because each part is sure to weaken the other, and all parts growing weake, that body must needs die. Yet there, onely one part is against the other; but here all against everie part of you; you rob your hands of their labours, your understanding you bereave of its right; from your will you steale its good customes: and from your internall senses, their gentle inclinations to right; and thus you whose greatnesse consists of many Powers, doe engage your whole selfe in undoing everie severall part of your owne strength: then here is a civill warre more dangerous: When two Combators have lost the wales of their weapons, and cannot keepe one another out any longer, when fencing can maintaine no distance betweene them, but they are come within one anothers armes, then begins the bloudie part of the combat, there is nothing but poaching at life, strikes everie blow as fast as the weapon can come and goe. Can any be more within you, than your owne selfe? none doth lay at you more fiercely. Then this is the most dangerous Duell. You shall not gape to eat, but the enemie creepes in at your mouth, and turnes your full stomack, to desire what is not, to torture you. You shall not goe to bed, but he followes you betweene sheets, and sets difficult fancies on you, and keepes your eyes open in spite of the rod of *Mercurie*: if toyle cast you into a little sleepe, the enemie watcheth your first waking, hee falleth

to the same game againe, and pestereth you with most heat, when you be most naked. Rise, and hee will make you sow teares in vaine, reape words with no gaine: and betweene wind and water he will hit you so sore, that it is a thousand to one, he will sinke you. Is it not therefore good reason, that the subduing of his enemie, (ones *Selfe*) should be judged the greatest conquest.

This enemie doth fight upon such advantages, that it must needs be your greatest glorie to conquer him. And hence you shall ever finde those your best victories, whereof some part is, to overcome your selfe. A golden consequence! if to conquer, you must master your selfe, your victories be profitable: the more they have of selfe-mastership, the more they will have of profit: for by our difficulties & dislikes, we know what doth become us: and by our desires, we reckon still our mistakings: I will talke still of things within the compasse of courage.

You are right valiant, as light to fight as a feather. Why there be peevish opposing Spirits abroad in your parish, that men cannot dwell by with quiet: if you durst but touch them with a word, they would like a Betle leave their filthy burthen of malice: and you finde great difficultie to speake, you sweat and groane with the conceit that a word must come out of your mouth, you are in labour. Overcome your selfe here, chuse this combat, and let Challengers alone. More, I will chuse you another combat. Your servants, within your owne doores, dare be disorder-

ly:

ly: your Officers over-carelesse, or over-covetous, or both: if you have a stomacke that can rise, set against these. O you will not endure the toyle, you cannot suffer the barking noise of your own disorders, you will never abide to heare again of your own foolish expences, to offer you notes is to cast motes in your eyes, you finde mightie trouble: Why, overcome your selfe, you shall see it one of your best conquests; be not a coward, runne not away from your selfe, master your selfe for shame, to be master of your owne: sure, you are so great, so honourable, that you are afraid of your selfe: subdue your selfe in most things, so your spoyles shall be the heapes of many happinesses.

Claud. ad Theod. Imp. *——Tunc omnia jure tenebis,*
Cum poteris rex esse tui.

Will you put all conquests into one, conquer your selfe: who cannot doe so, will never be Lord Treasurer of valour.

Hercules, you thinke, was a tall man, and had good strength: that could teare Lyons, beare on his backe whole miskins, over-run horses, over-flie birds, and roule up and downe the world doing wonders: Surely he had great limbs, yet *Lactantius* noted, they wanted their best sinewes: *Vellem adjecisset de insolentia.* I wish I could heare of some feats of *Hercules*, how he dealt with his enemies at home: you tell me hee did beat monsters, but durst he touch himselfe?

Lact. ut supra.

himselfe: I heare he did cleanse neighbours dung-hills, but was hee not apt to crow upon his owne dung-hill? *Vellem adjecisset de insolentia*: I feare hee was a little insolent. I should be glad to heare some newes, how he mastered his owne minde: and then saith *Lactantius*, I will yeeld unto antiquitie, and confesse that *Hercules* was a valiant man indeed, and a mirror of valour. Otherwise I will say, *Hercules* deserveth not his name, under the fame as it goeth. For I will no more esteeme him, for conquering beasts, birds, and enemies, than I will esteeme of a childe treading upon so many little Ants. *Animum vincere fortissimum est*, It is the conquest of himselfe that must make *Hercules* famous.

If you be ambitious of glorie, here is a way for you to goe beyond *Hercules*: *Non enim fortior est judicandus, qui leonem, quàm qui iracundiam in se inclusam superat.* When your heart doth fill with filthy revenge, sweeten it with mercie, and you shall bee *Hercules*, not the other fellow for cleansing the Kings stables: when your angrie thoughts flie unto the Higher Powers for punishment against your enemie; flie you to overtake those thoughts, and tell them there is a God in Heaven, that bids you forgive: so you shall be the true *Hercules*, and not hee that overtooke a bird with an arrow. If the light of reason might be suffered to prefer a ray in the Star-Chamber; it would most humbly desire reflection upon the riots against reason, wherein by violence of weapons such strange value of valour is main-

Lact. ibid.

tained; such unlawfull measures of honour are sealed with bloud. One that can but force a Beare, or face a Bull, is cried for valiant; and he that doth the wonder of wonders, who mastereth himselfe, is jeered for a Coward. Let one overcome himselfe, hee must out-run his Countrey; all men will so point at him for a meere Noddie, as fit for nothing but to make a Lubber, to lye in a Monasterie; whiles perchance, for a worthy effusion of bloud he hath a better courage, than you that doe but play the Scullion, running up and downe the field to sticke a Goose. I admire not that vice is in good liking, it doth unto most men a pleasure: but when men without blush doe praise vice, I feare their faith hath a tainture. It may be a wonder in future ages that men desired to doe well, and said they durst not, for feare of the imputation of the vulgar; they acknowledged they did ill, and could do no otherwise, they must be so overruled by the coyish fancie of the Commons.

Secti

Section III.

Seven Antidotes, or quicke Reasons to put off Quarrells.

1. *Take not notice of everie wrong.*
2. *You are not the worse for a discourtesie.*
3. *Put off wrongs with some pleasant jest.*
4. *In base occasions, suffer wrongs to punish your selfe.*
5. *Beare with friends, be quiet and you punish your foes.*
6. *Re-venge not wrongs suddenly.*
7. *Will nothing doe good? Remember the tree at the Townes end.*

Diseases of Duellisme have so long raged in our Kingdome: our over-great hearts swell so quickly with desires of cruell revenge, that to endevour a cure, is but to wash an Æthiope: there is difference indeed in colour, as between the jet and the scarlet: but colour in graine hardly admits a change, and Quarrellers are in graine commonly. The nature of this burning feaver, is to strike to the heart, which in an heaps of resentments, not well digested, falleth into such an Apoplexie, that it findeth ease in nothing, but in bleeding. And though

 a combat,

a combat be but one to one, it is an hundred to one both dye of it.

To come now and professe cures, for all such as roare under these dangerous purples, were but to act a Mountebanke, which if hee can but make names for some few salves, it sufficeth for his gaines: hee takes mens monies, and for mens cures he cares not: these must ever beare an after-date, untill such time as he shall be absent from place and shame, and then it never troubleth him that never returneth. I should be glad, if of a few that read my receipts, I could ease any; many be the occasions of Duells, divers the dispositions of men that move them, and unto man and matter the Antidote should fit, else it will but trouble the eye, and enter no further: yet I must adventure to give, and you Reader, perchance to seeke, and to finde nothing.

Point. 1.

Antidote. 1. *Take not notice of everie wrong, you will otherwise but vex your selfe, without need.*

SOme men will feed upon poyson, and certainly some stomacks rellish nothing but wrangling: the world worketh now adayes a strange kinde of medley, of cunning and folly: some forget themselves mightily, they will sleepe drunke in everie tap-house, and yet they will watch; they will remember

member a shrewd turn a neighbour doth them, from the cradle to the grave. They will finde such gaps to creepe into quarrellings; through a hedge they wil follow a pig: through a hole of a cott, they will follow a calfe for a straw: they will turne bloud-hound and tract a childe for a sticke; a man for treading a grasse that doth but peep out of a path: and all this industrie onely to finde themselves brabbles. *O quam solers est iracundia ad fingendas causas furoris!* I admire saith *Seneca*, the cunning that froward men have to frame combustions of nothing.

If Law will not serve quick, as their peevish mind doth call; if paper bils cannot hurt, they will put in sharper weapons; the steele, the pistoll shall cocke abroad: and thus in a peaceable kingdom, we live (as it were) on the frontiers of a mercilesse enemie: now you see cattell driven, now violent hands laid on men, and they so handled, that it mattereth not whether they be drawne to an averse king, or a dreadfull dungeon: for slavery is the end of both Iourneyes.

The subtlenesse that some men use (though otherwise simple) to tricke up a quarrel, and to set it forth, meriteth observation. What a quicke eye to note it? what a curious eare to take it up, amongst a noise of by-matters? Some have the sleight of raking sparkes of discontents together, and keeping them long hot under the ashes of a counterfeit correspondency; so at their pleasure they will steale an opportunity, to set all a Countrey together by the eares.

Certainely, such conditions are of the nature of Witches, that lie alwaies in ambush to do mischiefe: they live the life of a cut-purse, whose necke is neerest the halter, when his hand gets neerest the treasure: so these, when they bee fullest of matter of quarrels, (which they greedily gape after) then they bee furthest from their owne quietnesse.

Wherefore, wisemen will rather bestow their wits in taking upon them somtimes, not to see what their owne eies doth shew them. Doe any affronts stirre, by word or deed against you? still the occasion, neither blow nor breath, be neither hot nor cold; carry your selfe so, that the standers by shall not perceive you do heare it. So they may come almost to thinke it was not you that was injured, they will rather draw in some other: that is an excellent skill. Hereby you shall keepe your valours credit, freeing it from ingagements for your honour; and you may have your ful strength to put upon actions more for your profit, to tug in matters that may rather increase strength than draw bloud from you.

Turne therefore a quarrell off with some pretty question, or sudden discourse to a stander by: draw your spirits so hastily another way, that your bloud shall not have leisure to rise into disorder: distract the hearers with an unexpected event: withdraw your sense, fasten upon some object, cloase choler that would stirre: round mens eares with new reflections, turne them into eares: nip a discourse, giddy it, that it may not turne directly unto you againe: break off

companie,

companie,upon pretence of a weighty businesse,and then let none bring you thither againe. Let the affronter put on never so openly; an undaunted spirit will deceive him of his marke, and put him out of his aime.

Cato, that worthy Romane, in a bathe was bare enough: a sawcy fellow taunted him, and gave him a box on the eare; yet *Cato* tooke no notice of it; *Cato* said nothing. What could be a more publick wrong; and in the bathe, wee heare no nerves of it, no charging the Constables with the villaine that strooke *Cato*. All is in a hush: sure *Cato* was not struckon: yes, *Catonem* (indeed) *quidam percussit*, saith *Seneca*, but *Cato* would take no notice of it, *maluit non agnoscere*. *Senec.l.2.de ira.*

No question but *Cato* did feele the smart: yet his excellent wit found way to put shame by: doubtlesse his eare did glow, but his heart would not shew it. The man that strook felt *Cato* so stedfast, that having given the blow, hee thought almost that he was mistaken, and had not hit *Cato* at all; rather that *Cato* was not there, either was gone in an extasie, into some region of Nature, profoundly searching out curiosities: or into the Schoole of the Stoicks preparing maxims to bridle humane passions, and wholly was not there when the blow was strooken at him; it was but the shadow of *Cato*, or a bunch of stones, or hard bones that was smitten, as if one had strooke but the house for the owner. See how this striker hath lost his marke, and hath done nothing:

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hee aimed to affront *Cato*, but could not, because *Cato* could then not bee with his body, to the others thinking. So *Cato* saved himselfe from disgrace by his wise deportment, and rightly said, *Maluit non agnoscere, quàm ignoscere.* It was to bee expected from *Cato* that he should so do, he must not say, an affront did pierce him that hee was hurt: abuses must passe by him, as waves by a rocke, that never reckoneth them. It is a better testimonie of ones greatnesse, never to have had a foe, than to have revenged or forgiven him (which is the revenge of a *Cato*) for if you forgive, you confesse you were wronged, and that is a weaknesse; therefore *Maluit non agnoscere, quàm ignoscere*: a Ruffian may strike a *Cato*; but yet *Cato* wil say he was not touched; so will you become a great spirit, a *Cato*: take no notice, feele not weak ones, they may do wrong to you, & harm themselves, but never hurt you.

Point. 2.

Antidote 2. *You are not the worse for a discourtesie. Then busie not your selfe with nothing.*

CONsider with your selfe, what are you the worse, for the neglectfull word or act of another? you use to say, words breake no bones; why then will you breake your heart to be revenged

of

of them? your enemie ſpake unto you a word, and perchance but a word, and is your choler ſo quicke, that therefore you will to blowes with him? You ſay, he touched you in your honour, what then? hee did but touch you, and will a touch hurt you? men that wil be eſteemed of valor, ſaith *Gonſalvo*, ſhould have *telam honoris craſſiorem*: is your honor ſo thin skinned, that a puſh with a ruſh will teare it? is there no honour of Musket proofe? ſhall every beardleſſe boy with a croſſe-bow that can ſcarce ſcarre a Sparrow, aſtoniſh you? ſtill your ſelfe rather a little, with a reflection, an acknowledgement of your owne courage: cry not out, one pinch hath undone you: hold a while rather than confeſſe your honour to bee of ſuch an over-delicat temper: what hurt can the touch of a word doe? can a little diſreſpect wound, which hits onely by conceit, and is nothing but *ens rationis*? We have an old countreyman of our owne, which our new ones might imitate with credit.

Verulam de ira num.57.

Conſtantine the Emperour, his picture was drawne with a ſingular repreſentation of great Maieſtie: ſtored with Crownes, and ſtrewed under feet with ſcepters, as ruſhes: beames rounded it with glory, and embroydered curtaines on rods of gold did defie the motes that dare ſet at the raies of the Sunne from defiling that Picture: all this ambition of reverence as an expreſſion of a more veneration unto the Emperours perſon, freed not this Picture from a diſgracefull affront. A moſt idle fellow, found an opportunitie to caſt filth on it.

Chryſoſt. hom.20. ad pop. Antioch. Baro. to.3. ad An. Dom.324

See now *Constantine* with his beams and bravery, all to besmeared with durt by a most base creature: the mightie Emperour of the world is laied in the mire, thinke you him not mightily displeased? can you imagine him not thorowly inraged? must not a world flow with blood-shed to quench the fury of his iust revenge? Surely it would so happen were you *Constantine*; oh you are but a little *Constantine*.

See what *Constantine* the Great did, when officious complainers thronged in to plead against the audacious delinquent; and the whole earth expected *Constantine* would revenge the disrespect done him, to an everlasting terrour of al such as cast scoffes and scornes: what doth *Constantine* that wanted not courage? hee was Great, wanted no power, hee was Emperour of the rising and setting Sunne. Well friends (saith *Constantine*) you tell mee of a fellow that hath disgraced mee, and contemptuously cast dirt on mee: hee hath cast durt upon my Picture, I heare, but nothing doe I feele upon *Constantine*. I see *Constantine* cleane, the glasse sheweth no ordure in my face: your conceit may terme my face fowle and filthily abused; but my conceit telleth mee nothing of it, how then can I be angrie? I pray tell me, if *Constantine* feele no blow, no wound, no offence, the Picture be torne; yet if *Constantines* skinne bee whole, for what shall *Constantine* be angry?

So should you discourse with your self, when one reviles you: what are you the worse? your enemie

hewes

hewes your name to pieces, teares your credit to totters, hee frets and roares. So as one would thinke he could overturne mountaines of honour into an abysse of disgrace, but yet you are never the worse: he doth but frame your name in his mouth, it is but a vocall image of you, it is but your picture, & in the aire, that is something lesse than a picture in colours. And that name of yours, your picture, hee rowles up and downe his dirtie mouth, and dasheth it with disgrace: say then, your selfe are never the worse, never the fowler, and say with *Constantine*, why should you be angry? O thrice happy *Constantine!* whom heaven favored with that excellent temper, that so neatly could breake off occasions of unkinde quarrels; and not spend time in hearkning unto boyes. Play, but better busie himselfe in the conquest of kingdomes, which made him so mighty.

A great Wit being asked how the Romanes from so poore beginnings had growne to so vast an Empire, *Quomodo Romani ex inopi Rempublicam magnam fecerunt?* Presently answered for them thus; it was because *Acceptâ injuriâ ignoscere, quàm persequi malebant.* The Senat of Rome did not spend their time, they wasted not their warlike Legions, they cast not the coine of the Capitoll, they did neither bruise nor busie that lustie bodie in revenging privat grudges against their neere, and perchance (notwithstanding one offence or fault) their true-hearted Subiects: but made the best of their owne strength about them, to compasse victories further from them. Which Lesson,

August. ad Marcellinum. Ep. 5.

ſon, when afterwards their children forgot, buſying themſelves in quick exceptions, one againſt another: they ſhaked to pieces their owne mightineſſe, to which otherwiſe al the kingdoms of the world could haue done no hurt, ſaving by adding unto it greatneſſe. So doubtleſſe it would be unto you a great happineſſe, if you could reſerve your ſelves for weightier imploiments of profit, and neerer cares: and not go a wrangling for every bable, as children doe for Butter-flies.

Point 3.

Antidote 3. *Put off wrongs with ſome pleaſant ieſt.*

SOmetimes, it is an excellent piece of wit to cut off quarrels with a ieſt, and not to profeſſe as it were, to be a common crier of ones own ſhame, an aggravater to ones owne diſadvantage. Have not ſo coyiſh a ſtomacke, as to take every courſe morſell like the venome of an Aſpe: looke not ſoure upon every diſtaſte; ſpeake ſometimes merrily when your heart akes, then your ſore will be the leſſer. Ieſts now and then paſſe away evill times, and why not evill tempers? *Rodolphus* the firſt Emperour of the Auſtrian Familie was ſorely wounded by a careleſſe archer: therefore his ſubiects in their moſt loving reſpects were forward to punish: they had the Archer in hold, and their rigour would faine have beene doing, and firſt they will cut off his hands: ſtay, ſaith *Rodolphus*,

Dauroultius in Flor. Exemp.

dolphus, if you had done so before hee had shot mee, you had done wisely, but now that I am wounded already, let him goe, and take both his hands with him.

Thus wise *Rodolphus* reflecting, perchance the Archer had noble friends, whom the Emperour was loth to lose; with a jest freed himselfe from the trouble of a resentment, which edgeth on anger, that doth but load a great spirit with the charge of a revenge. Worthy *Aristides*, who for his integrity was called the Iust, an insolent fellow did spit in his face, to disgrace him; yet hee, though chiefe Ruler of *Athens* many yeares, never stirred to implore revenge; but smiling said: I pray you, my friend, gape not so wide, yawne not so undecently; though the fellow did disgorge himselfe in the chiefe Iustice his face, yet *Aristides* his thoughts at that time did hang upon more serious imployments, and therefore he put off the Iack with a jest. *Senec. de Consol. ad Helviam.*

If one grow wilde with you in choler; Laugh, and say he acts a mad man prettily, or rather you pitie his frenzie. Will he needs draw your bloud? say to him, he is sicke of the bloudie flux at the wrong end, and wish him rather to use a Physitian, than a weapon.

Tell him, when he comes to himselfe, you will come to trie a bout with him: if he continue bandying words, say to your selfe, hee doth it but to purchase honour; and seeing he will buy it of you, hee confesseth your store, and his owne want: will you

be angrie with him for honouring you. Hee faine would get honour, and therfore would wound you; and why would you be offended with him, for loving himselfe better than you? Though it be not according to the tie of charitie, yet I would not make it a breach of worldly amitie. Love that liveth with a little, should not dye so easily.

Doth some pretended friend wish you to revenge an old quarrell of one of your Grandsires: tell him you will finde better matter to make expression of your manhood: you will not busie your selfe with braules past, nor keep so many little bundles of thornyremembrances in your bosom, you have cast them out quite, to get quiet by forgetting them: Wisemen have enough to do with things present and to come, and will not trifle away time in past mistakings, which cannot be recalled, you would rather goe to burie them: by remembrance, you doe but bring your owne shame into new acquaintance, and so disgraces, in stead of dying, doth raise a new encrease; discredits, the more you water them with bloud, the longer they wil continue growing. You may bestow your skill better.

If a drunken Quarreller open himselfe to you, and rage; answer him, you know you are now at home in jolly mirth and plentie, and that his frownes are but a coppie of his countenance, that you will not dreame you stand in a Battalion, where mens hearts must lye upon the best advantage of their weapon: you will not fal to pell mell amongst good fellowes:

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it is pitie the kinde company of *Bacchus* should decay by grievous wounds, let the companies of *Mars* dye of that diet: let that plague fall upon those harsh fellowes, that doe nothing but strike and kill, not upon the merry-hearted cup-man that doth no harme, but fill a Swines belly with droppings of drinke, he doth so sip it: and now and then bite his fellow Hog by the eare, for standing by; for stood he not there, they had beene good friends ever. Stout men no more regard cup-quarrels, than wise men do little houses, which children build with sticks.

Oftentimes men have no wrongs at all offered them, and yet they will fall into quarrells, and kill one another out of a conceit of wrongs. Such men are much like that tall fellow, who being to be beheaded, laid downe his lustie head on the block, and died with the stroake of a pudding: hee certainly beleeved it was a faulchion, and it was a puddings end. Why so it is with some, that conceive themselves sore trampled with a heavie disgrace, and beaten to dust, sure they thinke it was a thunder-bolt, but there was not as much as a thought: say you then sometimes, that the wrongs offered you are nothing, that they deserve not to have a puddings end for their God-Father.

Thus you may jest jars out of countenance, and your owne wit in the occasion may frame you prettier conceits: learne onely this from me, to like this sleight of stepping out of an affronts way. And yet sometimes you may deserve good commendations,

by

by laying your ſelfe open unto affronts, and lying under them, by hearing them, and wiſhing they were greater, the more to torture you.

Point. 4.

Antidote. 4. *Wrongs happening in baſe occaſions, ſuffer them to puniſh your ſelfe.*

MEn ought to regard as well the credit of good manners, as of good manhood: nay one knowing himſelfe bound to preſerve both, ſhould more readily puniſh his owne perſon, for diſcrediting his behaviour, than puniſh any other for diſgracing his valour. You goe to the Taverne, where wine kindles the veines, and in a jollitie, men are made bone-fires; ſo flaming grow all their faces: by and by happens a Metamorphoſis, all the companie is turned into an herd of Swine, ſome grunt in the corners, others lye in their mire, and nothing but ſtench amongſt them: Doe not you diſgrace your ſelfe mightily by ſitting on this miskin? Why then doe you not thinke of puniſhing your ſelfe, for this foule fact of yours in comming thither, before you puniſh the other fellow for giving you there ill words, or blowes: you will ſtumble at ſtraw, and leap over a blocke. Seeing you have no heart to chaſtize your ſelfe; let this man whom you terme your Injurer, be your Beadle to whip you: and after you have uſed the rod, you may throw it into the fire.

Caſimirus King of Poland would needs to dice, and

for

for wants of company fell to it with one *Conarius* a meane man: the game was high, and *Conarius* quickly began to bedow in purse; his money was gone, and by that time his anger was come: *Conarius* became furious, and thinking Losers had leave to speak (so it is, when they play with their fellowes) hee forgot hee played with a King: his money being run out of his reach, his tongue run after it, and played upon the King; and in the end, *Conarius* taking his leave of his coyne, up with his fist, and saluted the King with a buffet.

Martin Cromer de rebus Polonicis. ann. 1276.

How doth now *Casimirus*? Doth hee fret at his abuser? No, with the buffet the King awakes, as it were, out of a dead sleepe, lookes upon himselfe, and reflects what hee is doing. A King, on whom hangs the eyes, the hearts of a Kingdome, sporting in an unseemely manner: so he abuseth the hearts of his subjects, for their love must follow the King, else the heart is out of his place: and who can love disorder? Love cannot come herselfe to what is nought, she may send her Hand-maid, Pitie. Well, *Casimirus* feeles now the smart of his owne folly, and thankes *Conarius* for it: you cannot well tell, whether the Kings eare glow more with the buffet, or his face with a reflection of his over sight: and therefore he never thinketh upon punishing *Conarius*, but is pleased to make *Conarius* a punisher of the King: so when his Nobles stirred to revenge his wrong; No, saith *Casimirus*, not so, *Conarius* is my Master, hee teacheth me a good lesson, let him beat me for being

a truant King, and playing at dice with a fellow so far my inferiour.

So if you chance to be carried into an Ale-house, and there fixed in the Firmament of good Fellowes: where the *Primum Mobile* is browne Ale, that rowleth all eyes after it: if after a while, like a *Phaeton* or a *Fatuus*, you fall stumbling upon one another, and hang like Bees upon each others backs in a bundle; then, if you hap to be abused, to be provoked, if one kicke you, and use you verie ill, terme him not your injurer, but your benefactor: say not he doth you wrong, but that hee doth you great good in punishing you, in making your heart ake, for going to so vile a place. Doth one belay you with hard blowes? he doth but shake you to awake you, that you may see to what place your idle carriage hath brought you: be not therefore angrie with him that strikes you, turne rather your anger upon your selfe; busie it there, and forgive the other which did you no harme, but good service.

If casually, you stumble upon a crue of merrily disposed lads, and there meet the brave ones, with Tobacco pipes in their mouthes of a yard long, ietting so stout, as if they trailed pikes in an army; that burne their lands at the pipes end, excellent husbandry! and not breake up, but burn up house and housekeeping; maintayning that the chimneyes of the forefathers, ought to be turned into the noses of their children: When you see all their noses there so flaming, that you cannot discerne at which end the pipe burneth with the more red-hot fire: if one

of this sparkling company, will bee furious with you, because you will not drinke: if hee vow, you are no good fellow (as though goodnesse were not got but by good ale) dislike the ill speech, but suffer it: make it a meanes to loath the place, for the language: be glad you feele there, thornes of such words, that they may pricke you thence. If one call you Coward: beare, and say, for beere you want stomacke; you have no courage to carouse: he is the better man at a bottle: wrangle not with him, but chide your selfe.

Doe as the stout *Xenophanes* did, when casually being at a feast, one upbrayded him, and called him coward, because hee would not play at dice. *Xenophanes* mightily troubled with the abusive taunt, yet quarrelled not with the fellow, rather answered to his tune. I am indeed a coward, fearefull to doe dishonest things: he would not wrangle for any thing done there, but grew (doubtlesse) into a great dislike with the place, where such virulent discourses were usually uttered. So you, never marke the speaker of an affront, but put a crosse upon the occasion, never to come into it againe. *The French Academy of Pierre de Primandy.*

But oh, say you, your occasion wherein you suffer wrongs, is not unworthy: it hath no relation to tobacco, nor to *Bacchus* his Alliance; a sparke of warre, a martiall man, another wise well-ordered Gentleman, my equall, upon a good cause, on a reall ground, with fury provoked me to Duell: and I shall dwell in endlesse disgrace, if he be not answered in the field.

Point 5.

Antidote 5. *Beare with your friends; of your foes you take bestre venge, when you are quiet.*

BVt stay; goe not on so suddenly to overthrow him; remember now, perchance he hath beene unto you a strong friend, and is but newly broken: See first if you can recover him, before you cast him and your selfe both away: you would bee loth to lose a nag, for once stumbling; and will you leave a friend, if you finde him once tripping? esteeme better of old friends than so; you may lose him when you please, but see how you can yet save him: true friends be sunne found, and in this friend you have had a happy triall of true love: onely this one time, hee hath fayled you, hee hath greatly wronged you, hee hath broken with you fouly; yet let his ancient merits defend this breach: Base were the souldiers, that upon a first breach surrendred up their city; thy friends deserts are great and worthy, they shew themselves now stoutly upon the breach, and say, thou shalt not enter as an enemy to subvert them all, Ile not forget them. Thus they parley, it is of the first fault, and of a deare friend you will say; hee being your friend which abused you, therefore you tooke it the worse; and the rather you will fight to punish one that being your friend, would wrong you; were he a foe, you could

better

better suffer him. It is true, *Cosmus*, the great Duke of *Florence*, I beleeve was of your minde, when hee made that madde observation upon the Gospell, you shall reade, saith he, that we are commanded to forgive our enemies: you never reade that we are commanded to forgive our friends; but let a wiser master, rescue that raw scholler that wringeth blood out of the letter so quickly: shall we, saith *Iob*, take good at Gods (good friends) hands, and refuse to take a little evill? say your friends breath is now an ill blast unto you, but hee hath blest you with many good turnes; if hee now frowne and looke backe at you, time was, he shined on you, to the growing of your best fortune; remember the merry houres you past in his company, and now for his sake, suffer a lad cloud that will passe presently; *Post nubila Phœbus*: suffer but a shorte clipse, and you shall clippe and love like good friends againe; after a little close weather, a short storme of hayle, of sputtering words, the day will breake againe into a hot friendship.

Iob. 2. 10.

Ovid.

Doth your friend thunder, that one would thinke heaven and earth bee going together by the eares? *Videmus horribiliter vexatum*. Doth the sky cast it selfe downe in tempest? doth your enemy his eye threaten to fall upon you with weapons? Oh stand you still: *supportamus*, saith *Basill*, to be a friendly *Atlas*, hold him from falling: amidst all the showers in the deluge of anger, be you the dove, hold the branch of Olive in your mouth: dry

Crisost. hom. in Mat.

Basil. hom. de ira.

dry you up the Seas of wrath, with your silence: So you shall begin a new world of happinesse: for when the passion is past, *cùm amaritudinem deposuerit*; when your friend comes againe to himselfe, *ubi convalueriit*, you shall not onely have him thenceforth your faithfull friend, but for ever your humblest servant; *te ut Dominum venerabitur*: Here is a pretty plot of a victory: you wound your enemy without bloud, you vanquish him without speare, and by conquest you make him your slave, *te ut Dominum venerabitur*: nay, were there meaner Gods upon earth; by his voyce, you should come into election, for a Godhead, *venerabitur*. If you tell me, hee which offended you is not your friend, and therefore you owe him no such service, as to suffer him; nor will you waite the leisure of his mad fits, or stay for his favour, untill the feaver of his furie declines.

Say then hee be your ancient and bitter enemy: will you goe about to bee deepely revenged on him? yet, your next way is to be quiet, to keepe your selfe still: say nothing, and you shall catch him lying under your feet, heart-broken. Doth he swell with fury? looke off him: doth hee runne into your face? let your eare goe by him: doth he roare? hearken to something else: doth he madly fret? neglect it: make all, but nothing: that is to breake his very heart-strings, *Si despexeris, acrius eum vindicabis*. Despise him, that is the cruellest kinde of wrong: for it is all one, as to set

one

one a worke with his fists to beate a stone wall, wherein he doth but hurt his owne fingers: carry your selfe like a wall of brasse, stedfast against his boysterous fury, and you shall breake the storme only with your suffering: *sine illum frustra adlatrare in seipso disrumpi*: hee will swell and puffe still more, finding he cannot stirre you: doe you then but suffer him, *sine*, and he with his owne winde will swell so fast, that it must burst him, *in seipso disrumpi*.

Doe you know what you doe when you fret? you comfort your foe; it is *perturbati animi consolatio*: that is your raging enemy his delight, to see his fury begins to worke upon you, to disturbe you, to shake you, to make you reele, so hee will hope to fall you: the faster you stand, the giddier your enemy groweth in rage: whiles you keepe out of his way, hee toyles and runnes the more a madding to seeke you: as soone as you shew your heart disquieted, with a convulsion of discontents, then you sport and feast your enemy: *inimicum plectere*, that is, *iram animumque satiare*: Doe you cry out, as if you were sore beaten, as if you were outed of your quietnesse and safety? that is your enemy his satiety: your *plectere* is his *satiare*. Againe shew your enemy in his rage, that you are not touched, that hee comes not neere you: and so you encrease his hunger after you: you make a meere *Tantalus* of Valour, having it onely hanging on his lippes,

at his tongues end, and is not able to bring it any further; Thus onely with your quietnesse, you punish your enemy, so cruelly, that you shew a punishing power, parallel even to the Poets fiction: you can hurt as much as Poets can faigne.

Wherefore strive to stand stedfast like a rocke, and let your enemy strike, see what hee shall get by it; *qui lacessat placidum, magis dolet*: the more he rageth, the more he suffereth: who runneth into passion with a man that can bide still, doth all one as wrastle with a tower, which is but to weary ones armes: or with a phantasme, whereon you can never catch hold, to ease you. Who is wheeled up and downe, desires to fasten upon something, to hold by: when an arrow comming from a carelesse Archer, threatned the safeguard of ones person; to lay hold, but on the arrow, to breake it, hath beene an ease unto the heart that began to be angred. And so you see, how by being quiet, you may exceedingly vex such as stirre most against you.

Nazianz: in oratione de ira.

If you pleade, God hath not made you of such a temper; for such peeces of worke, of wonder: you are no *Salamandra* in humane societie; you cannot live amongst flames of fury, and your selfe not burne: if you come neere furious dispositions, you must grow warme: yet doe thus much; scorch not your selfe with hasty flames: leisurely, fire gives unto things best season.

Point. 6.

Antidote. 6. *Revenge not your wrongs suddenly, least you repent.*

DIscreet *Antenodorus* taught *Augustus Cæsar*, that if in anger he were to act any thing, hee should first, for his prologue recite an Alphabet, and stay so much time before he did begin the Tragedie. *Plutarch. in Apophteg. Rom*

If you be so furious, as that your blinde weapon must needs bee doing something: yet let a little time first passe, for Reason to rise and peepe in upon you; *nil facias iratus priusquam 24 literas græcas percurreris*, said *Antenodorus*, stay a while. And certainely, a little time will strongly change the liking of actions. This is so true, that who best governe on earth, oft-times reprieve their owne private resolutions, till a second meeting; reason returnes againe her tale, and then they lead her forth into action with a safer liking. Therefore let not Passion deny the appeale unto time. When feare tels you, anger sits on the bench; you are discreetly advised, from *Cæsar*, to appeale unto *Cæsar*, and give him time for his associate: and will you goe to duell, will you carry a man to execution in a sudden fury? who giveth quickely, you say giveth twice; and so I take it, who is hurt quicklie, hath ever double measure. In our sonnes,

the firſt the eldeſt, by inſtinct of nature wee love beſt; but in our thoughts (that be likewiſe ours by a kinde of generation) it is not ſo, there the youngeſt; the laſt fruit, the lateſt, that longeſt hath beene a ripening, is of beſt reliſh, and wholſomeſt, *Poſteriora conſilia ſaniora.*

Theodoret. in Hiſt. ſua. lib. 5. c. 17.

Theodoſius made a Law, inviolably to be kept thorowout his Empire, that ſentence of death delivered in anger, ſhould beare no force, till after thirtie dayes expired: then if after a review by reaſon, when paſſion were out of Court, it went currant, it might ſtand: for ſo long time the Emperour would a ſtay, of whatſoever had beene done in anger: if this Law was laudable in actions civill, where reaſon hath roome to look about her: much more it ought to be in actions martiall, where reaſons eyes are quite out: who walketh in the darke, muſt goe by leiſure.

Therefore doe not ſuddenly yeeld to enter into a quarrell, leſt you repent it; take firſt *Theodoſius* his thirtie dayes leiſure, and forgive for ſo long time: of that that will never repent you: *Neminem peperciſſe, multos vindicaſſe pœnituit*, ſaith *Tetrarcha:* reſolve well firſt what to doe, elſe you may have more adoe, to undoe it againe, than you are aware of: you may at any time puniſh: It is an eaſie matter to finde a ſtaffe to beat a dog: but if a miſchiefe be once hatcht, it will creepe out of the neſt, and doe you a ſhrewd turne, when you cannot fence it: you may hurt your enemie ſo over-much, that afterwards you muſt undoe your ſelfe to make him amends. That is to doe and undoe.

Tetrarcha.

Be sure, not to hearken to your choler, when it first breakes forth; whatsoever satisfaction it bid you then require, beleeve it not: the first anger, *Prima ira*, saith *Seneca*, doth never guide well, nor will never be well guided, it will not heare reason, *Surda est & amens*, It is wild and virulent: therefore let it run a while, *Dabimus illi spatium*: Let the Whale wallow in the waves, in the deepe of discontent, give it line and cord: and take you space before you speak, before you challenge, before you fight, before you doe any hurt; else in stead of taking satisfaction, you doe vengeance. Senec.lib.3.de ira.

In the eighth of S. *Iohn*, the Scribes tell that a married woman was taken napping in another mans bosome: a shrewd fault. The husband and his friends must needs be revenged: the Chancellours Court suddenly censured, that with stones shee should bee scratcht to death, for having defiled her marriage bed. Thus in hurly burly they came all unto *Iesus*, who saw them then newly acting mad anger: for it was but *modò apprehendimus*, they were even then newly entred into the action. And *Iesus* will act unto them the cure: first hee goes about to looke a little time; *Iesus* must needs stay them, whilest *digito scribebat in terra*, whilest he doth write; and what doth *Iesus* write? no man hath yet told: let me ghesse, *Iesus* did write the foure and twentie letters of *Antenodorus*: I say *Iesus* only aimed to get a little time, for them to think first what they were going about, that they should not goe kill a bodie so suddenly. Ioan.8.

Thus, whilest *Iesus* was writing his 24. Letters in that little time, the accusers perchance reflected, they might have done wiser not to have made the matter so publique; before it was onely the wives hurt, now it became the husbands disgrace, the childrens infamie. The witnesses also reflected, such as bee so busie to have others lives punished, should think upon their owne faults, for thereby lawes may bee brought to call upon them with a smart reckoning: And so with a little pause on the matter, but whilest *Iesus* writ 24. Letters, the quarrell was quite ended, those that challenged the woman, put up their weapons and turned their backes; that when *Iesus* having ended his *scribebat*, lifted up his hand to give order for entring the lists of Iustice, there was no body to go with the woman to the field.

Are you so angry and offended? give me then but a little time, you cannot loose much by it, you shall get to know whether it be fitting what you go about; yeeld me a little stay; your delay at least shall leave your mischiefes the fewer: it shall shew you how to hurt another, with least harme to your selfe. And peradventure you may find more: for it is ever true, that *Remedia in remissionibus morborum prosunt*; at the declining of the burning ague of anger, Doctor Reason doth use to prescribe her Physicke. And so sometime you may chance to forget to quarrell by a little delay of quarrelling; so it hath happened unto many: when anger is going out, is the best time to cure it.

Sen. de ira.

If

If no way can helpe you, if nothing can stay you, but you will to the field suddenly to a Duell; then fare you well, and call upon the gallowes, as you come home: if you be so happy, as to live, as to come to it.

Point. 7

Antidote. 7. *If nothing can serve, there is a tree will serve you.*

DEliclorum impunitas saith the Stoicke, *homines facit audaciores ad malum*. Certainely had Law beene rightly executed against Duellers, they had never growne to that head and number as they are now adaies. I aime not to draw Princes to the edge of severity, which ever have in them discreet mercy for companion. But thus I presume to speak; if ever severitie were to walke alone, it should bee to the house of the Dueller: for the tender love to humane bloud doth bid you spill it, for to spare the further spilling of it. Heavens stop nothing: let then, when the love of Powers on earth, look about them

Democritus maintained, there were two Gods; no more, and cared little for either; *Pœna* and *Præmium*, one a Punisher, and another a Rewarder. And Duellers, I beleeve, do a little *Democratize* from the rewarder God, which inhabites the heavens; the Dueller expecteth no great Preferment, and so that God hee little regardeth. As for the other God, the Punisher,

who raigneth upon earth, and men commonly call the King, as ſoone as hee is a little out of the way; the Dueller thinkes he can ſhift, and ſo he cares not what miſchiefes he doth unto mankinde: therefore the Puniſher, God or his rod, ſhould ſtirre abroad ſomthing the oftner.

If youth were once perſwaded, that whenſoever they make a challenge, their life is ended, their thread is ſpunne, and muſt needs either be cut by the ſword, or crackt on the gallows: their heads muſt off; either by their enemy, or by the hang-man: certainly youth would never enter into Duels. For life is ſweet, and none will caſt away all hopes of keeping it; if one way they hazzard it, yet ſome way they ſtill hope to ſave it. Men ſay, they fight for honour, but who cares for honor after death? not the Dueller. Let him vaunt his fancy, I will but ſmile at it: and thinke even thoſe that you brag have caſt themſelves away for honor, either did it to be rid of loathſom life, or yet hoped to eſcape and live to inioy the glory of their proffer.

It was wittily diſcourſed by the wiſeſt of the Philoſophers; the Bull roareth and rageth againſt the Maſtives: ſome hee worieth, others he killeth, and moſt he woundeth: you ſtand by and laugh, becauſe whiles the Bull thus layeth about him, the butcher expecteth, and the combat ended, the Victor Bull is carried away to the ſlaughter. Even ſo, Duellers, they fight, they kill, they keep a roaring like bulls; the officers laugh, and looke about them, and ſoone after the fight ended, the Dueller Victor is to be led by a cow-

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ard to the gallowes: If our times do tell you it is not so, then give humble love leave, to drop a teare, and whisper: young spirits may sport at bull baiting, but greedy gaine should not doe so at duelling: let humane bloud rise to a dearer esteeme: let that bloud fall like another *Nilus*, with such noise, such cries for vengeance, that those which sit at the bankes of Iustice (before whom these bloudy streams must come) be ever deafened unto prices and praiers; else time may warrant vices, to set fury a worke, a taske for the extirpation of mankind, to rid the earth of men, for a piece of money.

To talke to you here of things beyond the Moon: of a most great God, of a most strict Iudge; to come neere you, and speake of a most severe punishment, an eternall smart laied on by a hand so heavie, that at one blow, it could strike all the Divels, from the highest of the Heavens, to the lowest Centre of the earth; were to talke to you *Non-sence:* (therefore here in a corner, I ioyne gallows and goodnesse together as equally pleasing you) they may be pretty stories to tell women and children; but you will fight with the Divell himselfe; nay, God doth wisely to stand out of your way, within doores in his heaven, there you meane not trouble him; nor I my self with you any longer, till you learne more wit.

FINIS.